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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

EMANCIPATION OR DEFEAT.

From The Detroit Free Press, Sept. 2.

THERE are a class of papers published which have been constantly striving to educate the public mind up to that point when it would be believed there was no alternative but to choose between emancipation or defeat in the present contest. It is true that these papers belong to the ultra abolition wing of the Republican party, and are, therefore, without the force and effect which they would otherwise have, but still their constant and ceaseless clamor, without being rebuked by their own party associates, has made their influence felt far and near.

It seems to us too clear for argument—it is like spending time to prove a self-evident proposition—that any attempt to make this war an issue between emancipating four millions of slaves in the South, or defeat and recognition of the Southern Confederacy, is but another mode of announcing that we must submit to the latter alternative. Every paper or individual who takes that ground, in our judgment, is as much a real enemy of the Union, whatever his professions may be, as Wendell Phillips, who constantly preaches the doctrine that "the Constitution of the United States is a league with hell, a compact with death." No man of ordinary intelligence, if he will devote sufficient time to thoroughly investigating the subject, can come to any other conclusion than this, that as between the two, immediate, unconditional emancipation or recognition of the Southern Confederacy, we should be compelled to take the latter. We look, therefore, upon all such papers as the New York *Independent*, THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *The Liberator*, and their associates, wherever situated, as far more dangerous to the government than any secession paper in existence. They assail the Constitution in a point which, if vulnerable, is death; they trample on the Constitution and laws with delight; they laugh to scorn every principle which patriots hold sacred and inviolate.

It was this element which gave the extreme bitterness to the late Presidential contest, and roused up the passions of men to the point of madness; it was this element which pointed the finger of hatred to the South, and held them up as objects of derision to the world; it was this element which laughed at all our fears, and declared that the South would not dare to raise the standard of rebellion; it was this element which treated the war, when once commenced, with such levity, that the world was deceived as to its character and its importance; and now it is this element which stands in the way of the successful and vigorous prosecution of the war. It weakens us in Maryland; it paralyzes us in Virginia; it gives strength to our foes in Kentucky and Missouri; and at Washington it is unceasing in its partisan attacks, and ostracises men for opinions' sake, who would lay down their lives in a moment to save the country from the perils which now surround us.

It is this element of abolitionism which prevents the sinking of all parties for the time being in one united effort to save the country. Every Democrat feels that those who are in favor of forcible abolitionism cannot be in favor of the Union, for the two can not exist under the Constitution. Why is it that the conservative Republicans, men who are imbued with as true love of country as any men who live, why cannot they abandon this faction, whose whole course has been one of evil—whose every footstep has been marked with danger, and is now wet with human blood? Why not rise above the low level of party, and stand upon ground where all patriots can stand who desire the perpetuity of our Constitution, the maintenance of our government? There is no other way to create a Union party, for the sake of the Union, but to place the Abolitionists under the same ban of public opinion that has already condemned its twin sister, secession. Equally dangerous to the country, let them be buried together; and then, and not till then, can we hope for peace. Let those men in the Cabinet who cling to Abolitionism give place to men who will think only for the country, and there is still hope; let the Administration forget the party and act for all, and then we shall hope for victory and safety.

FRUITS OF MISREPRESENTATION.

From The New York Observer.

LORD SHAFTESBURY says the English people have no more sympathy for the North than for the South in the present struggle, for the North is just as pro-slavery as the South is.

The London *Record*, a religious paper, echoes the same sentiment, and adds:

"If the policy which Dr. Cheever advocates were adopted by the government of America, or by her leading statesmen, England would not have been slow to exhibit a sympathy which might almost have compelled her government to forget the dry rules of diplomacy, and go beyond the bounds of non-intervention."

The actual reason for the sympathy of England being extended to the South, or at least withheld from the North, is that American Abolitionists have filled the English mind with the belief that the North is quite as much in favor of slavery as the South. When the English people are told that Dr. Cheever's church is the only anti-slavery church in New York, and that that is so near perishing for want of money that it has to send men and women across the sea to beg for it, why should they not believe that the North is pro-slavery? The effect of these misrepresentations is now felt to our serious injury. And those men who go abroad to vilify their country are the men who have cut us off from moral sympathy, if not from material aid, in the hour of our necessity. True to their mission, they continue to work mischief, and, unless God interposes for our help, they will yet be our ruin.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

From The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times.

SOME time since, Marshal McDowell, United States Marshal for Kansas, addressed a letter to the United States Attorney-General, stating that he did not deem it his duty to return fugitives to Missouri until she became more loyal, and asking for advice on that subject. The following was the reply:

"ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
July 23, 1861.

"*J. L. McDowell, United States Marshal, Kansas.*

"Sir: Your letter of the 11th of July, received 19th (under frank of Senator Lane, of Kansas), asks advice whether or no you should give your official services in the execution of the *Fugitive Slave law*.

"It is the President's constitutional duty to 'take care that *the laws* be faithfully executed.' That means *all* the laws. He has no right to discriminate—no right to execute the laws he likes, and leave unexecuted those he dislikes. And, of course, you and I, his subordinates, can have no wider latitude of discretion than he has. Missouri is a State *in the Union*. The insurrectionary disorders in Missouri are but individual crimes, and do not change the legal *status* of the State, nor change its rights and obligations as a member of the Union.

"A refusal, by a ministerial officer, to execute *any* law, which properly belongs to his office, is official misdemeanor, of which I do not doubt the President would take notice.

"Very respectfully, EDWARD BATES."

Selections.

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, August 31, 1861.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN—*Sir*: The much speaking and writing of Abolitionists on the war should not be set down to their conceit and folly. Were it a war about maritime rights or tariffs, or diplomatic civilities, or anything else on which they are not specially informed, others would be at least as competent as themselves to discuss it. But as it is a slavery-begotten war, they have a peculiar claim to be heard upon it who have given up their lives to the study of slavery. The conceit and folly are not on the part of the Abolitionists who, at such a time as this, offer advice, but on the part of those who turn contemptuously away from it. Prosperous and happy beyond all other nations would ours now be had she consented to profit by the foresight of the Garrisons and Goodells, Phillipses and Cheevers. But she contemned it: and the penalty of her contempt she is suffering to-day amidst the horrors of civil war. Not more obviously was the entire destruction of the Jewish nation the consequence of her disregard to the warnings of her prophets than is the already far-advanced destruction of our nation the consequence of refusing to listen to our prophets.

I said that the war is slavery-begotten. I do not forget that there are persons who look (wholly in vain I think) for other causes of it. But even they must admit that if the extension and perpetuation of slavery were not its sole object, nevertheless nothing short of the maddening power of the pro-slavery spirit could have sufficed to impel the South to begin a war, which to all sane minds was so full of peril, if not indeed of certain destruction, to her most cherished interests. This much is certain—that whatever her objects, the South would never have made the war had not slavery first made her mad.

The war should by this time have been near or quite to its end. Pardon me for saying that it is owing to the errors of yourself and your advisers that it is not. I say so, not because I doubt your or their patriotism—for I do not. I say so, not because you or they are not intent on bringing the war to the speediest close—for I believe both are. I say so not because I believe you or they would be guilty of such folly. I am not of those who find pleasure in defaming the Cabinet. If there was ever a Cabinet which should be judged not only justly but generously, it is the one to whose hands was committed a country already betrayed—a country, moreover, large portions of whose people were already in open war against her, and large portions of the remainder in craven and corrupt sympathy with them. It is true, that I wish there were a couple of Democrats in the Cabinet—such, for instance, as Dickinson and Holt. But I say so not because of any fault in any of its members, but solely because I would have it enjoy a more undivided public confidence than it possibly can whilst its members are all of the same political complexion.

What are these errors to which I refer? They are but two. If there are others they are included in them because growing out of them. One of these errors is—*Overrating the importance of Constitutional action in time of war.* The other—*Overrating the importance of conciliating loyal slaveholders.*

The importance of adhering to the Constitution in time of peace can hardly be overrated—in time of war hardly be underrated. The popular reverence for the instrument will insure far more than all necessary adherence to it in time of war. Indeed, at such a time, this reverence is amongst our greatest perils. The Constitution was made far more for peace than for war. Or, in other words, it was made to serve the nation rather than its enemies. I add, that it is far better for us to have no constitutional scruples at all than to have them at such a time and to such an extent, as shall enable our enemies to take advantage of them. Suspicious persons enter a dwelling. The excited sons do not govern their speech. Their aged father is right in reminding them that the family rules require civility to strangers. But he is a fool if, after the strangers have drawn weapons, he keeps on talking of "the family rules." So is it folly to trammel the freedom of the national family in time of war with the punctilious observance of rules, which were made to be used by it chiefly in time of peace.

I complain not that whilst the rebellion had as yet not grown upon your view into the dimensions and character of war you thought it your office to bold up the Constitution before its violators. I complain not of your doing so at that stage of our troubles, which seemed to you but little, if any, more than a riot or temporary obstruction of the laws. But I do complain that, after the flames of war had burst out, you still continued to busy yourself in a way which, when that appalling time had come, was so infinitely below the demands that your imperilled and distressed country had upon you. Nay, I must insist, that it had then become too late to care greatly for the Constitution—too late, I had almost said, even to make mention of it. My speeches, writings, life, prove my regard for it. But since the bombarding of Sumter, intense concern for the country has shut out from my heart all concern for the Constitution. It will be time enough for me to renew my interest in the Constitution when it shall be settled that I have a country left for it to govern. When my dwelling is on fire I have something else to think of than its eating and sleeping arrangements. Will you bear with me in saying that your stress on observing the Constitution, whilst in a war with traitors who defy it, spit upon it, and trample it under foot, is not only very untimely but very farcical?

I complain that you have made a false and petty issue, when you should have accepted and proclaimed the true and grand one. When you saw the nation falling to pieces under the blows of traitors, you should, instead of contracting your soul and the public soul to the narrow purpose of saving a paper, have expanded both into the sublime purpose of saving the nation at whatever cost to the paper. All the way have you been hampered by this mistaken policy. Your summons to the people to save their nation—to save it whatever else might be lost in saving it—was the one thing needed to electrify them. Alas, that this object, so spirit-stirring and soul-absorbing had it been left uncombined with any other, should have been degraded to an identity with the scrupulous observance of a paper! You thus hampered, and the people thus hampered, how could it be expected that all would be done which could be done to save the nation? Your demand upon your countrymen should have been to save their country—to save it absolutely: and to that their bounding blood would have responded gloriously. You should never have come down to crave them to save it conditionally—to save it, if they could, *constitutionally*.

An immense advantage has this mistaken policy given our enemies. Since you led the way in this untimely inculcation of regard for every line and letter of the Constitution, it is not strange that our enemies followed. And as they followed dishonestly and artfully where you led honestly and artlessly, it is not strange that they did so with deeply injurious effects to our cause. Under cover of the paramount importance which you were according to that paper, Senator Breckinridge and his sort could labor to divert Congress from the perishing nation to the war-suspended Constitution. Our enemies know that idolatry of the Constitution is not only your weakness and that of Congress, but that of the nation also. Very cunningly, therefore, do they seize upon this weakness, and make it the line of their most effective tactics against us. They well know that so long as they can keep us caring more for the Constitution than for the country, or in other words, keep us confounding the Constitution with the country, and making conformity to its requirements the supreme purpose in the camp and on the battle-field as well as elsewhere, so long they will have but little to fear from us. They feel sure that, however skilful the generals and vast the armies, and boundless the resources on which the North relies, nevertheless the free, dashing, reckless enthusiasm of the South will easily prevail against all these, so long as all these are under the constraining and taming power of this constitutional straight jacket. That the traitors are all aware of this national weakness of blind reverence for the Constitution, and know how to turn it to their account, is manifest not only from the criticisms which the matchlessly impudent hypocrites of the South make upon the constitutionality of your measures, but from the similar criticisms in the secession prints of the North and in the writings and speeches of such misguided men as are endeavoring (I trust in vain) to rally the Democratic party against the government and the country. Your unseasonable and excessive emphasis on the Constitution has gone far to help these traitors and hypocrites get the ear of the people. Whereas, had you called the people to the country, and nothing but the country, you would have so awakened their patriotism and so fired them with high purposes, as to shut their ear to this cant about the Constitution.

Even in time of peace we sometimes see an excessive devotion to the Constitution. Such devotion was Daniel Webster's, when all he would have recorded on his tomb was that he had rendered some service to the Constitution. By such devotion was Daniel S. Dickinson's democracy trammelled. Heaven be praised that it is now free!—and that in this sad and gloomy day of his country he proves himself capable of sinking the politician and partisan in the patriot. He still loves that Constitution; and is intent on going for it as far as he can. But infinitely more intent is he to go for the country, be it at what ever expense to the Constitution. So would it be with Daniel Webster were he now alive—for he too was a patriot. He too, like Mr. Dickinson, would be found forgetting the Constitution in his deeper concern for the country.

I know that you magnify the Constitution not to turn men from saving the nation, but to quicken their zeal to save it. Nevertheless, to magnify it at this time is to favor their cry of the Constitution, whose object in the cry is to counteract the claims of the country, and to accomplish its ruin by busying its friends with something else than its salvation. Happy would it be for the country if, until the last rebel against it had laid down his arms, your pen should no more write and your lips no more speak the word *Constitution*.

I close under this head with the remark that even if the Constitution were so plain as to compel the reading of it in but one way, nevertheless, inasmuch as the nation can be saved only by making its salvation the absorbing idea of the nation, the less the public attention is called to the Constitution the better. But the Constitution, like most other books, is capable of being read several ways, not only by ingenuity but by honesty. How very unwise then, at such a time as this, to multiply divisions among the people by directing them from the country to the Constitution. In a word, as the enemies of the nation care for nothing but to destroy it, so let its friends care for nothing but to save it.

Now to the other error—*Overrating the importance of conciliating loyal slaveholders.* Had all the slave States seceded and all the slaveholders sanctioned the secession, the war would have been over ere this time. Immediately on its breaking out you would have given to the rebellion its death-blow by your proclamation, inviting to our standard *all* the people of those States. Not only would it have been in your heart to do so—but it would have been in every true Northern heart to have you do so. Not to have done so would have shown you to be utterly unworthy of your place. But the secession was only partial; and as all the slaveholders were not drawn into it, sympathy with such of them as were loyal, desire to please them and preserve their loyalty, operated effectually to hold you back from giving such an invitation to the people of any of the slave States. I do not forget that many will argue that a proclamation so bold would have disaffected the North. Their philosophy is unsound. It would have lifted up and rejoiced the North. It would have left scarce patronage enough for one secession newspaper. Boldness for the right is mighty to convert men to the right.

That all the slave States did not secede is what makes the war so expensive, so perilous, and perhaps in the end so ruinous to us. But for this, none would have felt the need of summoning half a million, nor even a quarter of a million, of white men to arms. But for this, none would have felt the need of draining the people of four hundred nor half four hundred millions of money. But for this, the flagrantly unconstitutional assumption by military men of the right to decide who are slaves would never have been. But for this, such men would have had no occasion to insult humanity and defy God by thrusting some persons into slavery and by threatening to prevent others from getting out of it. But for this, black regiments from the Northern States would have been accepted, and the crime of denying men the right to participate in the defence of their country have been avoided. [By the way, have you ever dwelt upon the enormity of this crime? I [illegible] constrain a man from defending his country than to restrain him from defending his wife and children? For not only is country more than family, but the fate of family is involved in the fate of country—and hence he is denied the defending of his family also, who is denied the defending of his country.] But that only a part of the slave States seceded, and that your call for the help of bond as well as free, black as well as white, was thereby kept back, the white men of each slave State would have had quite enough to do within their own State; and none could have gone from the Southern slave States to help their fellow secessionists in the Northern slave States. Among the black men, who would have sprung forward in response to your call, hundreds would have exhibited as high heroism as William Tillman—the black sailor who, as yet, stands at the head of all the heroes of the present war. In response to that call, many a black man would have shown himself as eager to be early in this war as was Crispus Attucks to be early in the Revolutionary war. For it was in one of the very first skirmishes in the dawn of the Revolution, that this noble black man led a party in Boston and sealed his patriotism with his blood. In response to your call many a black regiment would have come forth and distinguished itself for valor and power as highly as did the famous Rhode Island black regiment of the Revolution. Tristam Burgess says of this regiment: "No braver men met the enemy in battle." How sublime an instance of devotion to a leader was the defending by his guard of the mortally wounded Colonel of this regiment! Not one of them would consent to leave him. Every one was slain. God alone knows how far our success in the Revolution was owing to the black patriots; and He alone can fathom the deep ingratitude of persecuting and oppressing their descendants. In response to your call there would have been black troops, whom their commanders would have eulogized as highly as Gen. Jackson did the black troops who rendered him so essential service in saving New Orleans. That great General, who was not so dainty as to decline the help of black muscles, said to his black troops: "I expected much from you. You have done more than I expected."

We have seen that had all the slaveholders rebelled you would have been in no doubt of your duty, and you would have saved the country quickly and cheaply—with no wrong to God nor man—with no defiance to the one or insult to the other. But the case, which would then have been so plain, became in your esteem greatly complicated by the continued fidelity and allegiance of a very small part of the slaveholders. Here was your error. The salvation of your country demanded your call for the help of bond and free, black and white, no less than if all the slaveholders had turned traitors. As a war measure—as a military necessity—it is justified as clearly in the one case as in the other. For there was not one in ten of the slaveholders who was even professedly loyal: and why should you accommodate your policy to the gratification of so small a share of the slaveholders?—to the gratification of so exceedingly small a fraction of the American people? Again, among those who are determined slaveholders, and who insist, as all such do, on the maintenance of slavery at whatever hazard to other interests, there is not one who is loyal. The truly loyal man goes for his country, at whatever hazard to slavery or aught else. The government offered a command to that wise and brave as well as rich man, James S. Wadsworth. Did he, ere accepting it, stipulate for the safety from the hands of government of his hundreds of oxen and thousands of sheep? Had he done so he would have shown his want of loyalty and would not have been commissioned. But the General is a patriot; and therefore does he hold his sheep and oxen and all his great estate subject to the needs of his country. So, too, does the slaveholder, who is a patriot and who is deserving of his country's favor, recognize the like paramount claim to his possessions, his slaves not excepted. No slaveholder has a particle of loyalty who, when traitors are striking at the life of his country, and his slaves are needed to save it, is not willing, nay is not glad, to surrender them to a service infinitely more sacred, important, and commanding than his own. This is the one test of the loyalty of slaveholders: and hence you may be sure that all those slaveholders, whose loyalty is to be secured by securing slavery, are traitors. As Gen. Wadsworth would rejoice to see the government take his flocks and herds, and even his "sacred home," when the necessities of his beloved country call for them, so will the truly loyal slaveholder, however highly he may praise slavery, rejoice to see it blotted out if the salvation of his country shall require the sacrifice. Is it said that the government will pay Gen. Wadsworth? I answer that the slaveholder as well as Gen. Wadsworth should trust the justice and generosity of the government.

But this whole matter is in the compass of a nutshell. Are the slaves property?—then like all other property they are to be regarded as bought and sold, and held subject to the superior claims of the government, and to such uses as the government may choose to put them to. Are they not property, but men?—then, when the government calls for them, neither must they refuse to come, nor must others hold them or hide them.

Why is it that our government may not have the help of black men as well as white when it is in need of both? Or why is it that, in the exercise of its war power, it may take this man's grain and that man's horses, these men's railroads and those men's vessels, and all simply because it needs them, and whether they belong to friends or foes, and whether, too, it does or does not pay for them—and yet may not take the property of slaveholders? Is their property so sacred and so privileged as to be exempt from the liabilities common to the property of all others? We are educated into a deep delusion at this point.

I add that nothing so much as this insane respect for slave property has contributed to overshadow the claims of the country with the claims of the Constitution. Constitutional as well as other pleas for the absolute and unending preservation of slavery in the border States were put in, and the government was unwise enough to listen to them, and to make the question one of Constitution rather than of country—of the construction of a paper rather than of the rights of a nation struggling for life.

We find, then, that there has not been the least occasion, in point of fact, for all the fastidiousness and all the fear of giving offence which have marked the course of the Administration on the slave question. To no degree whatever should it have been embarrassed by this question. It should have acted just as freely as if there had been no loyal slaveholder in its way—for there really was none, and there really can be none, since a truly loyal man cannot put himself in the way of his country. Those slaveholders, who annoy the government, draw it from the line of its duties, and damage its reputation at home and abroad by their impudent and absurd claims upon it for persons they allege to be fugitive slaves, and by the expression of their fears that the slaves will rise against their masters, do, of course, find it expedient to put on the guise of loyalty. However, were it not for the presence of Federal troops, and the fear of eventual Federal success, they would not trouble themselves to profess loyalty.

It is all for nothing, then, that the Administration has forborne to bring the nearly five millions of blacks, counting bond and free, to the side of our distressed and deeply endangered country: all for nothing that it has insulted them and let its armies insult, threaten, and outrage such of them as were trying to get their own freedom and were eager to help the country secure hers; all for nothing that it is driving these five millions to hate the North and make the best terms they can with the South; all for nothing that it suffers tens of thousands of black men to work upon Southern fortifications, instead of their building ours, and thus saving the strength of our troops for the battle-field, as the enemy does hers; all for nothing that it suffers the traitors to compel black men to produce the immense quantities of grain, tobacco, cotton and sugar which these traitors are putting into the hands of their government for the sole purpose of enabling it to make the rebellion successful; all for nothing that it is draining the country of men and money, and drenching it in tears and blood, instead of letting black men become its chief and inexpensive saviors; all for nothing that it is protracting the war until the impatience and interests of other nations, combined with their contempt of a nation too foolish and fastidious to use whatever means for its salvation, shall impel them to throw their weight in the scale against us; all for nothing that it prefers years of civil war, when, by a word from your lips, it could suddenly block every war-wheel in the South, assure the land of a speedy peace, and of a united, prosperous and happy people.

It is true that I am an Abolitionist—and that, as such, I may be fairly supposed to have some knowledge of some of the ways for meeting a pro-slavery war. Nevertheless though in writing you I have used the knowledge of an Abolitionist, it is not as an Abolitionist that I have written you. To tell you the truth, I have, as a mere Abolitionist, felt no anxieties since the news of the bombardment of Sumter reached me. I believed it to be the bombardment of slavery as well as of Sumter; and that a little time would show it to be as effectual in the one case as it was in the other. Slavery will be as completely broken up by the convulsions of this war as was ever a city by the convulsions of an earthquake. As Southern cotton has now become quite too precarious a dependence for the manufacturers, they will supply themselves elsewhere, and thus leave but little motive for continuing slave labor in the South. Moreover, after the present repulsive exhibition of slavery, civilization will recoil further than ever from it. Religion always abhorred it. An advancing civilization will not spare it.

I said it is not as an Abolitionist that I have addressed you. Had I done so, I should have dwelt upon your duty to know no law for slavery, and to declare that no piracy, much less the superlative piracy, is, ever was, ever will be, or ever can be, embodied in LAW. Had I, as an Abolitionist, written to you, I should have asked you to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." I should have said that no proclamation for prayer can save the nation; that whilst prayer with justice is the mightiest of all combinations, prayer without justice is but mockery and emptiness. But I knew that you were not prepared for such words; and, therefore, I took lower ground and spoke to you as even a pro-slavery politician might speak to you—as I might speak to you were I an anti-Abolitionist. Perhaps the country may be saved even on this lower ground. Perhaps it may be saved if you will but consent to use the war power as faithfully as you can, without using it in the spirit of an Abolitionist. I have not asked you to abolish slavery. I have gone no further than to ask you not to lose the country for the sake of saving slavery.

In one of my unpublished letters from that far-seeing statesman, John Quincy Adams, he says of a pro-slavery war, which he predicts will, in a certain event, take place between the North and the South: "It would be more terrible than the Thirty Years' War which followed the Wittemberg Theses of Martin Luther, and I shrink from it with horror." This letter was written as far back as the year 1839. I had myself, with even my little foresight, been predicting for more than twenty years a war in this country on slavery, and that it would be the bloodiest chapter in all the book of time. But I confess that when I saw the shape which the present war was taking, and that there was not one redeeming, nor in the least degree mitigating, feature in the entire unprovoked outrage of the South upon the North, I did suppose that there could be no considerable division at the North, and that the Administration would soon be willing to bring the war to a speedy end, by calling to its help the black race. I believed that the close of the war would come before the close of the year. But Mr. Adams was as wise as I was ignorant. He probably judged that an American war on slavery would be a very protracted one, because he foresaw that a people so cowed and corrupted by slavery as we Northerners are, would not have the courage to face it so far as to ask its victims to help us. Slavery has made the whole North servile. I doubt whether even a single Abolitionist has entirely recovered from the servility to slavery in which we were all educated. Alas, that there should be this slavery-sparing, slavery-honoring, and, therefore, war-prolonging policy of the Administration, to be added to the many proofs that Mr. Adams was a prophet!

In the same letter, Mr. Adams says: "That the slaveholders of the South should flatter themselves that by seceding from this Union they could establish their peculiar institutions in perpetuity, is, in my judgment, one of those absurd self-delusions which would be surprising if they did not compose the first chapter in the history of human nature. THE SLAVEHOLDERS DO SO FLATTER THEMSELVES, AND WILL ACT ACCORDINGLY." How wonderfully prophetic is this language! Never, until a few months before actual secession began, could I believe it would ever begin. But I had never studied, as Mr. Adams had, the infatuating power of slavery upon its worshippers. His confidence that secession will not avail to perpetuate slavery cannot exceed my own. Secession is its death. They, who have appointed themselves to *save*, will find that God had appointed them to *destroy* it. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." "He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made." "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

—I had written thus far when the news of Gen. Fremont's proclamation of immediate and unconditional freedom to the slaves of Missouri reached me. "ARE HEREBY DECLARED FREE," it says: I need write no further. I lay down my pen to rejoice—not to rejoice in this indication that the whole system of American slavery is soon to pass away—for that it is to do so was my conviction and my joy, as long ago as when I heard of the bombardment of Sumter. But I lay it down to rejoice in the now greatly brightened prospects of the speedy suppression of the rebellion. I assume that the General has acted upon an at last settled policy of the Administration—the policy of weakening and confounding the enemy, whenever, wherever, however we can. All the same, though, will be my rejoicing whether it will turn out that the General acted simply upon his own responsibility (as in every such case the commander has a clear right to do), or whether he acted upon the advice of the Administration. For the Administration will be with *him*, if he was not with *it*. The North, too, although lacking the courage to propose the measure, will nevertheless sanction it. Oftentimes the veriest cowardice is glad to follow where true courage leads. The North will perceive that Fremont has done the right thing, and will demand that it be done elsewhere. The Slave Power will, of course, cry out against it—only faintly, however. For by this noble deed of a noble man a breach has been made in it, which can never be healed; its ranks are fatally broken; its prestige clean gone forever. Remonstrate against this measure it doubtless will. Nevertheless, the tones of its remonstrance, always excepting those of mere bluster, will be reduced from their former boldness and defiance to but whining and deprecation.

This step of Gen. Fremont is the first unqualifiedly and purely right one, in regard to our colored population, which has taken place during the war. The like step will soon be taken in the other slave States. Then the second step, regarding that population, will be to accept the help of these freed slaves as guides, spies, builders, soldiers, sailors. It is not enough that we take them from the service of our foes. We must go further, and take them into our own. And the third and last step will be to proclaim the right and obligation of the slaves of the loyal, also, to afford us such help. Thanks to Fremont, and, I trust, to the Administration also, a common sense way (I do not say the very best way) of carrying on this war is at last fairly entered upon. Persevere in it, for only a few months, or, if with rapid steps, for only a few weeks, will bring us to victory. May "the wisdom that is from above" be vouchsafed to you and your Cabinet, and to all who are working with you and them, for the salvation of our beloved country.

Respectfully yours, GERRIT SMITH.

GENERAL FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION OF MARTIAL LAW.

From The World.

EVENTS rush with fearful velocity in revolutionary times, and the necessity which has compelled Major-General Fremont to proclaim martial law throughout the State of Missouri may, within the ensuing month, change the whole aspect of the war. Whatever complexion affairs may take elsewhere, in Missouri the hour has come—and the man. Boldness of character is a great clarifier of the intellect; and Fremont, who never, in his life, "let *I dare not* wait upon *I would*," seems to have so clear a perception of what is proper to be done within the limits of his own military department, and is so prompt in acting upon his own views, that his course will have a marked influence on the subsequent management of the war. Whether the Administration approve, or disapprove, of the decisive step which Gen. Fremont has now taken, his proclamation will prove more fruitful in consequences than any event that has yet transpired since the commencement of hostilities. If the fact and the matter of his proclamation have been suggested to him from Washington, it is the most significant act of the Administration. If, on the other hand, Fremont has acted on his own responsibility, the Administration must either yield to the manifest necessity of the case and acquiesce, and thus tacitly erect a precedent; or else, by censuring Fremont, run the risk of a popular [illegible] The great fact will stand, that Gen. Fremont has boldly assumed the Administrative powers of the State of Missouri, and has offered freedom to the slaves of all citizens who shall be proved to have taken an active part in the field with the enemies of the United States. This fact will stand; it will resound through the country and throughout the world; and being a fact that is accomplished and cannot be recalled, we must take new observations for the future, dating from this point.

Although the martial law here proclaimed is in force only in the State of Missouri, the effect of the proclamation will immediately extend far beyond the limits of Gen. Fremont's command. It will cut several gordian knots which timid men have been in vain trying to untie; and, among other things, it will immediately bring matters to a crisis in Kentucky. True, Gen. Fremont has proclaimed freedom to no slave whose master cannot be directly proved to have aided the enemies of the United States; but such is the chronic soreness of the Southern mind in regard to slave property, that every advantage will be taken of this proclamation to shake the loyalty of Union men in the border States that have not seceded. But the time must inevitably have come when Kentucky would be compelled to choose between staunch loyalty and pronounced treason; and it is better that her decision should be made now than later. The government has been conducting war in the spirit of peace out of deference to the professed loyalists of the border slave States; and if those professed loyalists have not sufficient regard for the Union to submit without chafing to the punishment of men found in arms against the government, the sooner they are weighed and found wanting the better. Nothing but an utterly false and misguided sensibility could lead anybody to consider the slaves of a rebel more sacred than his life. Nobody in Missouri will lose either slaves or life under Gen. Fremont's proclamation unless he voluntarily risks them with his eyes open; and no man's loyalty deserves consideration if it is of so tender a description that it cannot survive this wholesome measure of severity.

From The Onondaga Standard.

We have been anticipating this very policy from the able and vigorous commander of the Western Division. He and those about him comprehend the true nature and purpose of this great rebellion, and the measures necessary to its effectual and permanent suppression. They know that slavery is at the bottom of all the trouble in Missouri, as elsewhere, and that if she were a free State, she would be as loyal as Illinois or Iowa. They know that to suppress rebellion without first suppressing slavery is impossible—that it would be only to scotch the snake, not kill it. Knowing this, and having withal the courage to act, we have this glorious proclamation, which sweeps away with the dash of a pen the last vestige of negro slavery of the State of Missouri.

This is the forerunner of other like proclamations by our commanding officers. One by one, the rebellious States will be declared free, until the sun shall not rise nor set upon a slave within the wide limits of our Republic. Patriots and philanthropists have long hoped for peaceful emancipation, not dreaming that the occasion for using violent measures would ever come. They did not suppose that the slave oligarchy were so blind and desperate as to make open war upon the government. They did not believe that this power would ever attempt to try titles with a free people on the battle-field. But it has ventured upon the fatal experiment, and must go to the wall, adding one more to the example of those who, taking the sword, perished by the sword.

From the Commercial Department of The Independent.

In proclaiming the emancipation of all slaves of disloyal masters, in common with the confiscation of the other property of rebels, Gen. Fremont commits an act of even-handed justice, in accordance with all precedents touching upon the subject. It is, moreover, an act which will meet, we believe, with universal approbation, and which certainly will bring us to the true issue of the war the sooner his example is followed by other Generals. The sole cause of the war is the desire of a class to possess the government and to rule the country for their own purposes and interest, by virtue of their being slaveholders. Defeated at the ballot-box, they resort to arms to carry their end by force. The sooner we accept this issue, the sooner we shall try conclusions on the real merits of the question. Gen. Fremont's step is a vast stride forward, and offers the slaveholders the alternative of being loyal citizens, with their slave property unmolested, or rebels without slaves, in a condition of being probably subdued into a quiet obedience to law. The present generation has been so taught to believe in the school of party politics, and by the timid morality of religious teachers, that the one thing sacred in this country, to be reached neither by the law of God nor of man, is the system of slavery, that we have come slowly to understand the real source and spring of this struggle. Gen. Fremont, in rising above and discarding this popular error, has shown that he possesses the quality of true statesmanship as well as straightforwardness and courage of the soldier. And *in the name of millions of true patriots who are now willing to pour out their blood for their country, we thank him for the position he has taken.* God bless him and give a heart and a will to any other step necessary to suppress this wicked rebellion.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

From The New York Times.

THE proclamation of Gen. Fremont, though the first appeal to the law dissolving, in case of treason, the tie between master and slave, only states the inevitable result of the rebel war, no matter what legal provision Congress may have made. *Inter arma silent leges.* Slavery is founded upon force, and the moment this is removed the subject is, for the time, free. A return to peace may leave local laws unchanged, which may entitle the master to recover his slave within the domain of such laws. But in the total dislocation and disruption of society, invaded and overrun by a conquering host, a vast number of owners will forever disappear, leaving no claimant for the temporarily enfranchised slave. Others will be too weak to enforce their legal rights. Slaves will be so scattered that identification will often become impossible, so that the previous condition of society will never be restored. Everywhere will be visible the effect of the war in those that have fled, as well as in the freed that remain behind, in working a partial extinguishment and fatal blow to the system. The lesson taught will never be forgotten. The slave, to be valuable, must be a machine in which the thought of freedom or of change of condition must never enter. No spectacle must be allowed to awaken a sentiment which is universal in the human heart. If it does, and takes firm hold, the system disappears, because it is no longer worth the maintenance.

Such a spectacle the South not only invites and displays, but it is throwing away the power to resist its effects. Wherever the armies of the government march, the master is too much engrossed in his own safety to look after anything else. But it is not the temporary suspension of his power that he has most to fear. The moment a territory is reached where the slave population greatly predominates, the slave will not only assert his own liberty, but will turn upon his master. This is history, without exception or qualification. The war, if prosecuted, necessarily involves the destruction of the institution, whether we will it or not. We could not march an army, if we would, through South Carolina or Mississippi, and not inflict a fatal blow upon it. The result alike transcends our power and that of the rebels. The moment hostilities were commenced causes were set at work, the consequences of which neither party could thereafter control.

Such are the convictions at the South of all minds not demented by the doctrines and fancies of the extremist school. With prophetic instinct they proclaimed that secession and war were abolition in its most dreaded forms. They were powerless to resist the frenzy, and submissively cast their lot with those of their neighbors. There are hosts of such men at the South, who see in the approach of a Northern army both their salvation and their ruin. Their only hope is in a peace which shall stay the onward tide. There is no doubt that Gen. Fremont's proclamation will move them more deeply than any event that has taken place during the war. It arrests profound attention in Kentucky, and will produce decided action in that State, in favor, we have no doubt, of the government. The proclamation may be condemned, but its results, which are only the necessary consequences of war, are, above all things, to be avoided. This feeling, we believe, will spread with electric speed. Recent events, and the rapid accumulating power of the North, cannot long leave the contest doubtful, even to Southern minds, and when they see that with or without law Gen. Fremont has scattered with a confidence of hostilities, under to be realized, they will have an incentive to peace, never before acknowledged, or even felt.

GEN. FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

From The Independent.

AT length the axe is laid at the root of the tree. The proclamation of Gen. Fremont strikes down the rebellion within the lines of his army of occupation. Men in arms against the government are not foreign enemies but rebels, to be tried by court-martial, and, when convicted, *to be shot.* Missouri is infested with secret traitors, who coöperate with rebel invaders from Tennessee and Arkansas, and who of late have pursued a system of brigandage which has become the terror of good citizens. It were folly to deal with these men as "belligerents," entitled to be treated as prisoners of war. The most summary punishment that can follow a just conviction should be inflicted upon such wretches. Everybody knows that Gen. Fremont uses no vaporing threats, that he never retreats from a position deliberately taken. He has waited until he felt himself strong enough for this step; and now that he has issued his proclamation, he will carry it out to the letter. If the current month shall witness the drum-head execution of a few score of traitors, Missouri will be quiet, while the army of the West moves southward for winter quarters.

But Gen. Fremont's proclamation strikes a yet deeper blow. It not only disarms the rebels, it extirpates the very root of the rebellion, and makes it impossible for its agitators long to pursue it, or to renew it hereafter. "The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have

affixed, or they could not be received as evidence by the Commissioner. The Court sustained the objection. At the instance of the claimant's attorney, a summons was then issued for a gentleman who is familiar with the laws of Missouri, in order to show, by oral proof, what those laws are, so far as they relate to slavery.

Meantime the man Stephen observing that the spectators, attorneys, officers, etc., were engaged in earnest conversation, quickly slipped out of the door, ran down stairs, passed the guard, and "made tracks" as fast as his legs would carry him. The escape was very skilfully executed, and the crowd very irreverently laughed and hurrahed to see Stephen "get." The officers in whose charge he had been immediately pursued him, but the darkey jumped into a buggy which was in waiting at the corner of Fifth and Delaware, and was driven rapidly away.

From The Leavenworth Conservative.

Marshal McDowell was soon on a horse, saddled not far off, and, with two or three volunteer nigger-hunters, was soon on the chase.

The race—on the Lawrence road—was a hot one; horses were pushed to the utmost limit of their powers, but the end was soon reached. About five miles out, the buggy and panting horses charged with the negro's safety were overtaken. No resistance was made. The equipage was captured, but the darkey wasn't there! He had tried those long legs of his, and, it seems, concluded they were better to secure his escape than the horses.

The man found driving—Terry—and the team were brought to the city, after a fruitless search for the "cullud individual." One or two persons were left to continue the search. Terry was immediately taken to the Commissioner's office.

Wm. Phillips, Esq., has been arrested for being the owner of the team, and Burnham, the barber, for aiding the fugitive's escape. Mr. Phillips has recognized, and Terry and Burnham have given bonds, to appear before the Commissioner.

MORE OF THEM.

From The Conservative.

Sunday night was very dark, and nine "chattels" availed themselves of it to leave slavery and come to Leavenworth. All are "contraband," we presume, for all took warning from an intended removal Southward, and left masters who are traitors to the government which had bestowed nothing but blessings on them.

The "infatuated creatures" are safe now. We learn they have left Leavenworth for the interior—say Lawrence.

Two came to the river at a point nearly opposite the Fort. One of them couldn't swim, and a log was found for him to get on; the other swam and pushed his companion and the log before him. It was a pretty long stretch and the swimmer was nearly exhausted when he arrived opposite the Planter's House; he was obliged to release his hold of the log and make for the shore. When he had landed he was taken care of.

His costume consisted simply of a very broad-brimmed hat, and a very, very short shirt! We have not learned whether any additional clothing has been given him

His friend on the log must have had very unhappy reflections, for his cries broke upon the still air and brought assistance. The yawl of the steamer Majors was lowered and the man relieved from his awkward position.

The other "chattels"—four men, one woman and two children—were brought from Kansas city in a two-horse waggon, by a free black.

We understand that "Steve"—the Leavenworth runner—hasn't been caught yet.

FREMONT'S WAY OF DOING IT.

From The Evening Post.

THE proclamation of the Major-General of the West, declaring the State of Missouri under martial law, confiscating the property and freeing the slaves of rebels in arms against the government, hits the mind of the people in precisely the right spot. Missouri is overrun with insurgents, who are daily killing people and destroying property, while the old State government has fled and the new one is unequal to the emergency. Founding his action upon the law of August 6th, passed by the recent Congress, Fremont steps in to settle the difficulty. He is resolved that the friends of the Union shall be protected; he is resolved to visit upon the malcontents the extreme penalties of the law; and he is further resolved, that if the slaveholders who abet the rebellion use their slaves to assist the assassins and traitors in their attempts against the life of the nation, they shall forfeit that species of property.

Mr. Fremont has done what the government ought to have done from the beginning. War is war. It has certain necessities which cannot be overlooked. When the owners of slaves use their muscles to build they have done in certain cases, to cut the throats of freemen; when they boast that all the white population of the South may go to battle, leaving the slaves to raise supplies in their absence—it is our right and our duty to deprive them of so formidable a resource. It is our right and duty to strike a public enemy in his weakest point. Slavery is the weakest point of the rebels, and when we declare their slaves exempt from obligations to obey them, we only act in self-defence.

Without the express authorization which Gen. Fremont receives from the act of Congress, he would still have a right to proclaim the emancipation of the negroes of the enemy. The war power, in times of actual hostility, may supersede the municipal law. As John Quincy Adams long ago stated in the House of Representatives, "when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory." The same speaker showed that this was no theoretic statement, but a practice frequently resorted to by military commanders. The exigencies of the occasion override the usual institutions of society, and the General must judge, from his knowledge of the circumstances, whether such an exigency exists.

That it does exist in Missouri no one can doubt. A majority of the people of that State are attached to the Union. By their votes and by their daring feats of arms they have shown that they have no mind to be dragooned into the service of the Southern Confederacy. With the State government strongly against them at the outset, and with fifty or sixty thousand armed marauders committing havoc in many Counties, they have yet made a vigorous fight for their rights. But they are likely to be overpowered by the reinforcements which are daily pouring into the State. All the rascals of the border, and even the wild savages of the West, are banded together for their overthrow. These are assisted by some of their own citizens, who not only furnish the foe with supplies, but join them in taking up arms. At the battle of Wilson's Creek, several of the regiments were composed of recreant Missourians. It is against such as these that Fremont means to use the strongest weapons in his power. He has no idea that they shall ravage the homes of peaceful citizens, all the while that they draw their support from the labor of the negroes. He discharges the latter from the bonds by which they are made the instruments of treachery. If you work for the rebels, he says, you must work of your own accord, and not under force.

These stringent measures, we are glad to learn, as we do by our telegraphic dispatches, are warmly approved by the loyal part of the community.

FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION—ITS RECEPTION IN THE NORTH-WEST.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, Monday, Sept. 2, 1861.

IT has often been predicted in this correspondence that Gen. Fremont would not hesitate to assume the gravest responsibilities. His proclamation establishing martial law throughout Missouri, and declaring the slaves of all active rebels not merely forfeited for the time, subject to future determination, but absolutely *"free men,"* justifies the vaticination. It was kept a profound secret up to its promulgation through the daily journals, on Saturday morning. Its appearance caused great sensation, and was generally recognized as turning a new leaf in the history of the war. I have yet to hear of the first Union man in St. Louis who does not heartily endorse it. From Chicago, the echoes begin to come back by telegraph, saying, "It ought to have been done weeks ago; the people are with Fremont, and will do everything to sustain him." Another dispatch reads: "It is greeted here with loud cheers by all loyal men. Fremont is the Columbus who is showing the *savans* how to make the egg stand on the end."

The inauguration of this policy was not the result of any sudden decision, but had been determined on for weeks, and was only delayed until the army should be thoroughly organized. It will put a new phase upon the rebellion in this State if it is energetically and efficiently carried out; and there is little doubt that it will be, for Gen. Fremont is a man of deeds rather than words, and the traitors begin to conclude that the armed rhinoceros and the rugged Russian bear are harmless and amiable, compared with his Provost Marshal, Major McKinstry.

What its effect will be upon the rebels as yet is a matter of surmise. Doubtless it will provoke a counter proclamation from Ben McCulloch, and a fresh assurance that he will give "no quarter." But we do hope that in Fremont we have at least one commander who is not to be frightened into a milk-and-water policy by threats from the rebels. At all events we "have" them in this respect: there is no slave population in the North for them to set free! Sambo is becoming the central figure in the controversy; and Mr. Wendell Phillips was right in the assertion that the four million of negroes now hold "the balance of power" on this continent. *There are at least 25,000 slaves in Missouri, whose masters are or have been in the rebel army, and who are therefore now declared "free men."* Upward of 200 citizens of St. Louis are also known to be actively engaged in the rebellion. They will be notified publicly, and by name, to return to their allegiance within a given number of days; and if they do not comply, their property will be immediately confiscated and sold under the hammer, for the benefit of government. Military commissions will be established for the trial of alleged criminals; legal counsel will be granted them for defense; but no sort of technicalities will be allowed to shield them, or cause delay; conviction will be summarily followed by punishment. The lines tighten, the elements crystallize, and, in the Western Department, we are likely to have no more rosewater, but grim, desperate, relentless warfare.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

The Twenty-eighth National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.—The exigencies of the cause having this year occasioned an earlier call for funds than usual, friends at home and abroad are entreated to advance and increase their subscriptions as far as practicable—addressing them to WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., Treas. Am. A. S. Society, Boston.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

THE American Abolitionists have been, from the very first of their movement, the constant and persistent champions of the Freedom of the Press and of Speech. And reason good, for these were the only arms which they had with which to carve out their way to the victory they proposed to themselves. We believe that there is no class of persons to whom the country, and mankind, will acknowledge more obligation for the final vindication of these great principles, when they universally prevail, as they are sure to do, than to the Abolitionists of the extreme left. They have done this good work in a two-fold way. First, by the assertion, exposition and enforcing of the doctrine; and, secondly, by the wise and just discretion with which they have used it. They are often accused, wrongfully, of reckless and violent use of language and of indiscriminate and intemperate denunciation of all that differ from them. And this, from the very inception of their combination against slavery. To which the reply is sufficient, that the very doctrines and expressions which have been thus condemned, have been gradually accepted by the general public, and now form the public opinion which underlies the present civil war. They were only in advance of their neighbors, and uttered plain truths, which, by force of repetition, enforced by practical illustrations afforded by the slaveholders themselves, have come by degrees to be universally received by all the reflecting and honest part of the Northern people. That there may have been, now and then, an intemperate and ill-advised expression of opinion, is likely enough; but we will venture the deliberate assertion that there was never a body of men, always before the public for thirty years, criticizing, protesting and rebuking public and private men and actions, whose opinions were so deliberately formed or couched in more carefully considered language than theirs. And it is no small proof of this, that, though the administration of public justice, National and State, has been in the hands of bitter anti-Abolitionists for the most part, there has never been any proceedings that we remember against any anti-slavery newspaper, and scarce any, if any, actions for private libel for anything said in them.

This being our position, and [illegible] think we are in a good situation to pass judgment upon the late action of the United States government in suppressing some, and preventing the circulation through the mails of others, of the Northern treasonable journals. We regard this action as the simplest self-defence on the part of the government, and can see no just ground of blame which can be taken by its friends and supporters. If the Nation has a right to exist and to maintain its integrity against an armed assault upon it, it has a right to do all that is essential to the establishment of that right. If it may reduce by the military arm the rebels on the other side of the Potomac, it surely may reduce by the civil arm the equally malignant rebels on this side. Mr. Everett's argument, which, we apprehend, had great weight in encouraging the government in their course in this particular, seems to us to be absolutely unanswerable. The only blame we are disposed to lay upon the President and Cabinet, is, not so much for what they have done as for what they have left undone—not so much for the suppressions and restrictions they have made, as for the permission of the publication at all of such papers as *The Journal of Commerce* and *The Day Book* here, and for the entire immunity granted thus far to other traitorous prints, as, for example, the Baltimore *Exchange*, reeking with treason, just where treason may be the most deadly in its action on the national existence. Still, we are willing to wait, in the faith that there is some sufficient reason for these distinctions, and in the belief that an equal measure of justice will yet be meted out to all ministers of ill alike. There is nothing that has given the government more strength with the masses of the North than its resolute action towards these presses, and towards the rebel men and women it has arrested within the few last months. There is nothing that inspires respect so thoroughly as the exhibition of spirit and a readiness to undertake responsibilities. Witness' the response which went back from the honest heart of the North to Gen. Butler at Fortress Monroe, and to Gen. Fremont at St. Louis, for the courageous independence of their action.

And in thus thinking and saying, we go contrary to no testimony of our former utterance. It was ever the freedom of the press, not its licentiousness, for which we stood up, through good report and evil report. The latter is as fatal to liberty as the most despotic censorship. And it is, when justly considered, in the interest of the liberty of the press that these stringent measures of the government are made. The Slave Power, whose creatures and tools these presses are, is the deadliest enemy of the freedom of unlicensed printing. In no despotism of Europe—not in Russia, not in France, not in Austria—is the press so effectually muzzled and forbidden to breathe a word against the policy or the action of the governing power, as in the slave States. It is in the name of freedom, to be sure, that all the crimes of slavery are committed, and that this rebellion has been set on foot. The freedom of enslaving their fellow-men and of building up on that crime an aristocracy over the whole nation!

> "They bawl for Freedom in their senseless mood,
> And yet rebel when Truth would set them free!
> License they mean when they cry Liberty;
> For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
> But from that mark how far they rose we see,
> For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood."

And of these deadliest enemies of the liberty of the press, such papers as we have named, and many others that deserve the same fate, are the fast friends and allies! If they could have their way, no breath should be permitted to reflect on the divinity of slavery. The press and the lips should be silenced, by the law and against the law, as it is now done in the slave States. And it is but a very few months ago that these miscreants believed that the good time for which they had waited long was coming, when slavery would be enthroned over the nation, on the ruins of the Constitution they pretended to revere so much. And it was, by the delusive representations as to the state of public sentiment here of such men as these, that Jefferson Davis and his accomplices were urged on to the consummation of their treason. If this rebellion should succeed in reorganizing the Constitution on its own basis, there will be an end of freedom of the press, until vindicated anew by a bloody revolution. If it be subdued, by the abolition of slavery under the war powers of the Constitution, and the reconstruction of society in the South on the basis of freedom; or should it end in the recognition of the independence of the rebellious States, the true freedom of the press will remain intact, as it does now, at the North, in the last case, while it will be extended all over the South in the first. These blows are not aimed at the heart of freedom, but of her deadliest enemies. Wherefore, we rejoice to see them dealt.

The suppression of these seditious papers is as essential to the continued existence of President Lincoln's government, as the suppression of the Southern Union newspapers was essential to the existence of Jeff. Davis's. Admitting a government resting on slavery to be a good thing, the Union papers must be stopped. So if a government resting on impartial liberty be a good thing, the stopping of the secession prints is a necessity. That is, in time of war, when the knife of treason is at the throat of the nation. When peace is restored on a true basis of freedom, these prints may persuade whom they can of the virtues and blessings of slavery. And it may be noted that the most blatant bellowers against this action of the government are precisely those who were the first to promote the suppression of freedom of speech at home by mob violence, when slavery was in question, and who have never had a word of rebuke for slaveholding violence towards Union papers at the South. And the worst of these pro-slavery papers, the New York *Herald* in particular, are earnest that THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* should be joined in the same condemnation along with *The Times*, *Tribune*, and *Independent*, for blasphemy against slavery. The attempt is made, especially, to confound the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those that agree with it, with the Democrats in arms against the government! The distinction, we apprehend, is too broad to make it necessary for us to point it out. When did we ever levy war against the government, and attempt its forcible destruction? We condemned what we held to be immoral and wicked in the provisions of the Constitution, and proclaimed it to be the duty of every honest man to refuse to obey them. As a matter of personal honor and self-respect, we refused to act or hold office under the Constitution, because of these its requirements. And we affirmed it to be the duty of the free States either to amend the Constitution or withdraw and be separate from the slave States. All that we have said or done was strictly legal and Constitutional, and having no kind of analogy to the doctrines or the practices of the slave-driving traitors. And as soon as the latter States initiated the rebellion, and the government was forced into an attitude of armed resistance to slaveholders, in fact though not in name, or probably in purpose, we withdrew all action that could embarrass it. We have omitted our public meetings, and sustained the government, substantially, though maintaining our right of criticism and censure, as to the details of its public action. If we are thought worthy of death for all this, we are ready to die with dignity. But we can hardly hope for a crown of martyrdom like this, unless Jeff. Davis should overrun and subdue the North, as he has proposed to do, or his ministry for him; in which case we trust we shall have the grace given us to deserve and to receive it.

THE WHOLE COUNSEL OF GOD AGAINST OPPRESSION.

JEWETT CITY, Ct., Sept. 6, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE kindly account, in your last paper, of the Sabbath services in this village, on the 25th ult., upon occasion of the somewhat abrupt termination of my ministerial labors here, may give more than a local interest to the following passages from the sermon referred to by your correspondent, on the text: "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." They are, therefore, placed at your disposal.

H. T. C.

WHEN, early in this ministry, which has occupied five and a half of the most eventful years in our nation's history, the lines were so clearly drawn in the politics of our country between Christianity and diabolism, and a national Senator fell in our Senate chamber under the ruffian blows of a South Carolina Representative assassin, and Liberty was cloven down on the prairies of Kansas by the myrmidons of slavery, I did not shun, as a Christian minister, put in trust with this pulpit for the service of God and humanity, to do all in my power, by honest utterance and act, to arouse the people to a just apprehension of the magnitude of the interests thus imperilled. I addressed you here, on Sabbath day and Sabbath evening, regardless of the contemptible outcry of politicans and their dupes against political preaching, upon the vital principles involved in the then pending Presidential election. I drew from the demands of Christianity and of the Bible the course to be pursued by every true patriot and Christian.

And at a public meeting, which you will remember was holden in this edifice on a week day, I advocated, as a Christian minister, the adoption of a set of resolutions, one of which ran thus: "That by the course of events, the people of the United States have now their choice between but two parties—the party of the North and the party of the South—the party of the North being the National Republican Democracy, which says to slavery, Thus far, but no farther; the party of the South being the sectional sham Democracy, which says to slavery, Go where you please."

It may be remembered, also, by some of you, that there was then adopted this declaration, which I felt it to be my duty to submit to you, and which events have strikingly made good, viz., That in the war of Restoration for our nation's liberties, now imperilled, our power is first in our PRINCIPLES, which are the principles of our Declaration of Independence; our leaders are our laws; our vollies shall be our votes; and our bullets shall be our ballots. But we hold ourselves ready, if it be necessary, to assert our *power* with our *powder*, to follow our *ballots* with our *bayonets*, and our votes with *balls*, and to march to the battle-field as soldiers of freedom, under whatever chieftains the exigencies of the times and the good providence of God, in whom we trust, shall place at our head.

The present civil war, which has now reached such a height of malignity, then virtually began. And some of the judgments and warnings which, from Divine principles, I was then led to utter in your hearing, have been strikingly fulfilled by events lately occurring, and still marching on. Nor is it without some degree of satisfaction that I recur now to what the grace of God enabled me to say and do then in this pulpit—things which, had they been boldly said and done in all our pulpits, and sustained by the pews, there is good reason to believe would have prevented the dire calamities under which we are now suffering.

A year later in this ministry, when there was issued that heaven-daring decision and opinion of the United States Supreme Judiciary in the Dred Scott case, that he could not, having been born a slave, be a citizen of the United States, so as to maintain a case at law, and that by general consent the black man had no rights which white men were bound to respect, I did not shun to declare from this pulpit, and from the pulpits of my brethren, when I occupied them by exchange, what I believed to be the counsel of God in regard to that most unrighteous decision. And after peaching upon it on Fast Day to the united congregations here, I felt it to be my duty to submit the following resolution, which by *sufferance* was adopted: That we, a portion of the people of Jewett City, assembled on occasion of the State Fast, and having had our attention called from the pulpit to the astounding decision of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of Dred Scott, feel constrained to express our deep abhorrence of the principles and opinions advanced in the late argument of the Chief Justice. We regard them as utterly contrary to the Word of God, and to the principles of justice, and *as certain to bring upon our nation the judgment of the Almighty, if acquiesced in, or if not indignantly disowned by the people.* And we, therefore, declare that, as men, as Americans, and as Christians, we will oppose the principles avowed by the Chief Justice by every Christian principle and Christian means in our power.

The spirit of that resolution, by the grace of God, I have endeavored to maintain throughout my ministry, not without much opposition, and with the complaint from some of my brethren in the ministry that I seized the opportunity of exchanges to advocate before their people *my* views. As if I would parade any other than MY honest views!—or as if I would shun to declare all the counsel of God, as a Christian minister, because political partisans and incipient traitors were offended by it, and timid pastors, therefore, forbore declaring it!

The Rev. John Angell James, of England, affirmed, at that time, that the same Dred Scott decision was the most terrible outrage upon humanity that had been perpetrated for ages, and it will do more, said he, to lower the moral character of your country than even your present atrocious system of slavery. All Europe, and the whole civilized world, will blush for you. They *have* blushed for us, and *they have been indignant with us.* And the doctrines and opinions of that infamous decision not having been generally disowned and condemned by the Christian Churches and ministry of this nation has much to do with the present want of sympathy from our mother, England, in the dire calamity of civil war in which we are now involved by slavery.

The year following this judicial assassination of the race of "negroes and the descendants of negroes"—constituting a case upon which every pulpit in the nation should have uttered its voice in tones of moral thunder—when the ravages of intemperance became so appalling in this community, and had reached even our own Church, and it was declared there would be odium and danger in an aggressive movement upon the rum-sellers—I did not shun to declare and urge what I believed to be the counsel of God in the emergency, with the hope that a barrier might be raised against the desolating tide of rum, through the fidelity and union of the people of God. And the signal protection of a gracious Providence from the machinations of the devil and the malignity of his followers, the venders and users of strong drink, then vouchsafed to my dwelling-house and family, should here be gratefully acknowledged.

Nor is it amiss to remind you how speedily the suppression of the rum-shops was followed by a revival of religion, which added ninety-one to the Baptist Church and twenty-three to the Congregational Church in this village, and left satisfactory evidence of a beneficent change in the entire moral aspect of the town. It taught us, though not without trial and perplexity, that we were always safe, and might in the end hope to be successful, in boldly doing right, and combating vigorously the dreadful evils of intemperance and slavery, or whatever else may be in the way of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth. It should have taught us, what the Churches have been so slow to learn, that it is for the people of God and ministers of the Gospel to take the lead in the moral and philanthropic movements of the age, and boldly to invade the realms of politics with our religion; to show our loyalty to Christ as our King, and that we mean to carry His law into every thing, regardless alike of the bug-bear cry of timid good men at our fanatical heat and ultraism, or the fierce howls and flings at what they call political preaching and priest-craft, from men whose very best principle is to serve God only so far as not to offend the devil.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

WAYNE, Ohio, Sept., 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE just read the speech of Mr. Phillips at the anniversary of the birth of Theodore Parker. Its superb utterances should be heard and felt by the twenty millions of the North. President Lincoln might then dismiss half his army at once; and the other half would achieve their last victory in time to celebrate a general jubilee before the next New Year's. What a word is this!

"The Cabinet talk of reconstructing as it was, but we mean to tell them that it can't be done. We are to teach them that this war is the most intolerable abuse of [illegible] unless it means the emancipation of four million of victims! We are to teach the Administration that thirty million of people are not to be hurled into the hell of civil war, unless they have such a purpose as will make it the holiest crusade the annals of the world have ever shown!"

Just so it has seemed to me, since the gauntlet was taken up after the storming of Fort Sumter. But how to teach so great and important a lesson, to so large and indocile a school! What Board of Education dare undertake it? And where shall the competent teachers be found? Where but among those, *and those alone*, who not only believe in the doctrine as a measure of absolute justice, but also as inevitable to military success in the contest?

As educators of the age, the Abolitionists have yet their most important work to do. I am glad Mr. Phillips showed so well, that we have the hour without the man. Melancholy and alarming as that truth is, it is time it were universally known. The people are trusting to leaders who have shown before a dishonesty only paralleled by their present imbecility. Secretary Seward was at home the other day, and was asked by his fellow townsmen when the war would probably end? He answered them, "in one, two or three years, according as you are brave and loyal!" That answer seemed to me a downright insult. Why did he not honestly acknowledge how magnificently brave and loyal they had been, and then say, "had your heads of department done their part half as well, the end would be already in sight." Why did he not say, "when we at Washington shall empty our Bureaus of serpent secessionists, when we dare to shoot or hang rebel traitors, spies and pirates, when we become, in one word, as earnest and determined as are our foes, and begin to conduct the war as wars should be conducted if wars must be, then you may have hope." Who shall say that would not be the true answer to the important inquiry? So far, we have even more to fear from our own government than from the whole banditti of Jefferson Davis. Transcending orders, or without orders, Gen. Butler and Gen. Fremont have done more to hasten the contest to a *desirable* issue than President Lincoln and all his Cabinet.

Ten days ago, the papers told us Secretary Cameron gave a permit to a slave-hound to enter our camp and take away his slave, who had thrown himself trustingly on our protection. Since then, another poor fellow "fled stark naked" over the river, and in that piteous plight begged salvation from the demons who had held him a prey. Honestly he told his story, gave the name of his master, an officer, and was then "marched off" to jail by a squad of soldiers, and a message sent to his master where he could be found! Such is our war.

Southern traitors, spies and pirates go unshot and unhung, are even reappointed and recommissioned to service or office, their guilt being well known, while a poor New York soldier is "shot for stealing potatoes," and whole companies of her volunteers are sent to die disgraced under the torrid suns of the Tortugas for acts, unjustifiable, indeed, but yet of angelic innocence, compared with the deeds and *do-nothings* of the government itself.

Some one asked me, "Why are not spies and traitors hung?" I answered by reading the following from the Charleston S. C. *Mercury*:

"Let one of those men perish, and we look to the authorities at Richmond for immediate and bloody retribution. If the hair of the head of a single man of this crew (the pirates now in prison in New York) is injured, South Carolina will demand that the outrage be atoned for, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life. Let one of these, her citizens, commissioned in her cause, perish as a pirate, and woe to the enemy who falls into our hands!"

Then it was asked me, "What would you do in such a case, were you President?"

I said, were I President, I probably should have paid the usual price for the office in sacrifice of manhood and heroism, and so should do as do the rest of them. But if you wish to know what I think should be done, this is my answer. I would proclaim martial law at Newport, Saratoga, Niagara, Long Branch, and all popular resorts of the Southern aristocracy, and not one man or woman of them should leave the towns. Then I would say to Richmond, those pirates will all be hung on Friday next. And if one hair falls violently from the head of one soldier, sailor or slave, at the South, in consequence, the best blood of the South now held, both men and women, shall atone for it by the halter.

Dreadful as war is at best, we make it more so by the timid, dallying policy hitherto pursued. When the South shall learn, as she is, I trust, yet to learn, that we are in downright earnest, and that all political demagogueism, and favoritism, and boy's play are ended, and henceforth *war is to be work*, almighty work, day and night, until it is done, and well done, and all Arnolds and Judas Iscariots shall be hung, unless they hang themselves, new revelations will appear to her, and we shall not be asking "when the war will end." That very determination will be the beginning of the end. Probably all the South has ever needed is a stern, manly resistance to her daring diabolisms to cease them. And sure I am that at present all the Northern people need is competent leaders, and that resistance will be no longer wanting.

Our memorial to the President is the real, heartfelt prayer of a vast majority. We could paper the Capital with it, could we only get it circulated. I shall push the measure as far as possible. And as you and *The Liberator* have some affection for political utterances, I venture to enclose you one from Wm. Lowry of Erie, Pa., candidate for State Senator from one of the Districts where I have just been laboring. His constituents assure me that he is a sagacious politician, not apt to run too fast or too far, and will, in all probability, be elected. You can make what use of his letter you please—I trust to see many such ere long.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

THE WORD OF GOD TO A SINFUL NATION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

As I read through the prophecies yesterday, I was so struck with passages that applied as well to our nation as to that against which they were uttered, that I have copied off a few and send them to you to use if it so please you. It seems to me that no paper has *as much Bible* in it as would be for its credit and interest. How can any one that has common sense expect a nation that has become so corrupt as ours is to go unscourged? How *dare* we disregard the threatenings of the Bible? They terrify me more than I can tell. A. M.

The Lord hath spoken. I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me.

A sinful nation; a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, they have provoked the Holy One to anger.

Ye will revolt more and more.

From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.

Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers.

Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; every one *loveth gifts* and followeth after rewards.

And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross and take away all thy tin, and I will *restore thy judges* as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning, and the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together.

Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless; plead for the widow.

If ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The people shall be oppressed; every one by his neighbor. Thy men shall fall by the sword and thy mighty in the war.

Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Woe unto them which are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for reward, and which take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.

Hell hath enlarged herself; she hath opened her mouth without measure, and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it.

Trust not in *oppression*, become not vain in *robbery*. Oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor.

The *Lord* executeth righteousness and judgment for *all* that are oppressed. Ye shall not afflict any widow, nor any fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and I will slay you with the sword, and *your* wives shall be widows and *your* children fatherless.

Woe unto them that join field to field, that there be no place, that *they* may be placed alone in the midst of the earth.

Associate yourselves, oh! ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together and it shall come to nought; speak the word and it shall not stand. Say not ye, "A Confederacy! a Confederacy!" neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, and let *him* be your fear, and let him be your dread.

Many among them shall stumble, and fall, and be broken, and be snared and taken. And it shall come to pass that *when they shall be hungry*, they shall fret themselves and curse their king (Jeff. Davis).

For *the Leaders of this People cause them to err*, and they that are led of them are destroyed; therefore, the Lord hath no joy in their young men, every one is a hypocrite and an evil-doer, and every mouth speaketh folly.

Without me they shall bow down under the prisoners; they shall fall under the slain.

Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless. And what will ye do in the day of visitation? The Lord shall kindle a burning, and shall consume the glory of his forest (at Bull Run) and of his fruitful field; and the rest of the trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may write them. For the Lord of Hosts shall make a consumption, even determined, in all the land.

The stars of heaven shall not give their light, and I will punish the wicked for their iniquity. I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. I will make a man more precious than fine gold.

Let favor be shown to the wicked, and he will not learn righteousness. Lord, *when thy hand is lifted* up they *will not see*—but they *shall* see.

Judgment will I lay to the line and righteousness to the plummet, and (iron) hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters (of trouble) shall overflow the hiding place.

And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge (an invading army) shall pass through.

Woe to the rebellious children, that take counsel, but not of me, and that cover with a covering, but not of my spirit. Because ye trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon, therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall whose breaking cometh suddenly, in an instant.

Woe unto them that stay on horses, and trust in chariots because they are many, and in horsemen because they are very strong (or in Scott or Lincoln); but look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord.

Woe unto thee (O South) that spoilest and thou wast not spoiled, and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee.

Their feet run to evil; they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths.

The way of *peace* they have not known. They have made them crooked paths; whosoever goeth therein *shall not know peace.*

They speak oppression and revolt, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood.

And judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey. And the Lord saw it and it displeased him; He put on garments of vengeance for clothing, according to their deeds will he repay, fury to his adversaries, recompense to his enemies.

For the nation and kingdom that will not serve God SHALL *perish.* For this people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart. They are revolted and gone.

Shall I not visit for these things saith the Lord. Shall I not be avenged on such a nation as this?

Hear, O Earth! behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law; but rejected it.

Thus saith the Lord; execute judgment and righteousness, and *deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, and do no violence to the stranger.*

Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong, that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.

Break every yoke, unbind the heavy burden; let the oppressed go free. Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty every one to his neighbor (*who is* my neighbor and my brother? Christ settles *that*—every man). Behold, *I* proclaim a liberty *for you*, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine. All the cities of the South shall be shut up.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, 1861.

WHAT shall be done with the "contrabands"? What shall be the disposition of twenty-five hundred fugitive slaves now in the hands of the government in Virginia? There are eighteen hundred at Fortress Monroe, and six or seven hundred in the various camps about Washington. It will not be long before there will be a couple of thousand at Hatteras Inlet—and the question arises, in fact cannot be avoided—what will the government do with these runaway slaves? Winter is coming on, and they must soon be provided for. They have got along in the outskirts of camps so far, but will need housing when winter comes. There can be but one course for the government to pursue, though it may hesitate before adopting it. It must declare these men, women and children free, even if afterwards the so-called legal owners who could prove themselves always loyal should be recompensed. Then the able-bodied should be put to work on fortifications, or in general camp work, while some kind of an arrangement should be made for the comfort of their families. Unless something positive is done by the government or private individuals, there will be much suffering among this class of people. In ordinary times freedom is all they would ask, but in times of war, when plantations and farms become a ruin, it may be impossible for them to live where nothing is left to live upon. This subject, I believe, has already received the consideration of the Cabinet, but nothing decisive has been arrived at.

There has been some discussion over the controverted point of the President's approval of Gen. Fremont's famous proclamation. Some assert positively that Mr. Lincoln not only fully approves of the act, but suggested it. Others who have access to the Presidential ear assert with equal confidence that the President does not approve of the proclamation, and has told Gov. Gamble so. Now the truth is this: The President does not fully approve of the exact language of the proclamation in question, as he thinks it unauthorized by the recent act of Congress upon the subject, but under the circumstances he will not undertake to reverse the action of Gen. Fremont. He wishes every General left, as Fremont was, to be his judge of the necessity for establishing martial law, and an interference now would deter any Commander in the future from doing the very thing which might be necessary to save his army from utter destruction.

Even if Mr. Lincoln had the disposition to find fault with Gen. Fremont, which he has not, he would not dare do so. He knows that, to say the least, five-sixths of the men who elected him President approve the proclamation, and it is believed that two-thirds of the people of the loyal States do the same. The President is naturally anxious for Kentucky, and the effect of any measure upon the action of its Legislature and people—so he is perhaps a little afraid of the effect of the declaration of martial law in Missouri upon Kentucky.

It is a well known fact that Mr. Lincoln did not sign the Confiscation Act of the extra session of Congress till five minutes after twelve of the last day of the session, and he did it under a tremendous pressure. *He* was opposed to it, but gave up his own opinions for the sake of others. The reason why Mr. Lincoln indulges such opinions is evident enough. It is not because he doubts their intrinsic correctness, but because he knows that the people of the North are not a unit. Were he to-day to declare his purpose to be to free the slaves of the South, nearly one-half of the people of the loyal States would utterly refuse to aid in carrying on such a war, and at least one-third of the army would lay down its arms. Then we should see the spectacle of a divided North and a united South. A premature movement of this kind might simply pave the way for the rule of Jeff. Davis over the whole land.

No; the best way is to let the army and the people *drift* into the true position. The army of the West is already in a pretty good position, and the army of the East is not far behind. The moment we come to argument the Democratic officers in our army fly back to their old pro-slavery position, but when they are put into the battle-field, it doesn't take long to make them over into pretty fierce anti-slavery men. Ben. Butler, for instance. He now believes, as a soldier, most fully in the wisdom of using the slavery question to put down the rebellion. I am told on excellent authority that he is in favor of the organization of a regiment of slaves at Fortress Monroe at once, and thus "putting them to good use!"

The capture of Fort Hatteras seems to have put new life into the Navy Department, as it has filled the Southern coast-country with consternation. The government begins to see what it can do with the navy if it will, and that is, fill the whole Southern country with alarm, and thus scatter the grand rebel army of the Potomac. An expedition of twenty thousand men, which should land on the coast of South Carolina, would fill that little State with alarm, and could seize upon Charleston even with a proclamation like that of Fremont's; the State would be subjugated,

new Constitution in which slavery shall be unmistakably recognized. Let this horrible fate be averted by a spirit in the North like that of the South. Half a million of men in arms will do it. AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, August 24, 1861.

AFTER a pleasant and busy week spent in attending the meetings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, which has just concluded its sittings, I turn to the much less gratifying task of making some remarks on the report of the first of August celebration at Abington, which has just reached me in the columns of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. The portions of the report to which I specially refer are, the letter which was read at the meeting from the Hon. N. H. Whiting, with whose name, as an Abolitionist, I have long been familiar, and the speech of Wendell Phillips. I assure you that, when I read the letter and the speech, I felt as if I had plunged my hand into a bunch of nettles, or like a child when his breath is taken away by a sudden dip in cold water. Not I alone, but all those whom I have long known as the ardent, indefatigable, zealous friends of the anti-slavery cause, the admiring and faithful friends of the Abolitionists since their claims to our affection and respect were first known to us, are utterly confounded to find ourselves regarded as *jealous, envious, ignorant, malignant, inexcusable, and hateful*, by the Hon. N. H. Whiting, who has no personal knowledge of us whatever; and by Wendell Phillips (who knows some of us at least, and whom we all greatly venerate), as the citizens of three populous kingdoms (the homes of his own ancestors), who are ready to perpetrate any meanness and any crime, any violence or any fraud, for the purpose of securing the friendship of the Confederate States, at the price even of the continued slavery of her four million of bondsmen and bondswomen.

When I ask the honorable men and honorable women with whom I have been so long united by the delightful ties of anti-slavery intimacy, what does all this mean, not one of them can tell me. It seems too ridiculous that, without any change on our part of conduct or feeling, we and all belonging to us, and the swarming millions of these two populous islands, should be set down as the basest and meanest of mankind, for no other reason that we can discover except that our government have agreed to treat eight or nine million of your late "Southern brethren" as belligerents—that is, as people at war (which they are), and that they refuse to undertake the responsibility of treating them as pirates, in which case the American people and government (who like to pick a quarrel with us) would promptly protest against our intermeddling brutality.

Really and truly, I do not think that since the world began any instance has ever been known of a civilized nation showing such hearty readiness to turn against another on grounds so utterly frivolous. It would have been another matter if we had shown sympathy, or encouragment, or good will to the seceders. But nothing of the kind has been shown. They are simply regarded with disgust by as many as know anything about them. It has always seemed to me that you are continually exposed to be carried away by the tremendous onset of the tide of public opinion, which rolls on your side of the water, with a force of which we can form no adequate idea. Here there is such a diversity of ranks and classes, cliques and coteries—from the laborer on the land through all the gradations of artisans, tradesmen, shopkeepers, merchants, bankers, professional men, landholders, and noblemen, up to the queen on her throne (on which she very seldom sits)—and all these classes are so little influenced by the opinions and prejudices of any class but their own, that I suspect we have much more individual liberty of thought and action than is enjoyed by you, with all your republican privileges. You are the sovereign people, and when you are mastered by any sovereign impulse you are all swept along by the tide. Up to the present time, it has always been felt by us who know you, that the Abolitionists alone have stood on their legs, maintained their own opinions, and held on their own course, led by the Higher Law and the guiding light of their own heart-felt humane convictions. This present crisis has appeared to some of us too strong for some of you, and that you have been hurried by your national pride and patriotic enthusiasm into a vehemence of indignation against the slaveholders, which is the less accountable from those who knew them so well, than it is when manifested by their dupes and sycophants, the great majority of the Northern people. The hostile spirit manifested against us is the more extraordinary, as, beyond this verbal offense of calling the rebels belligerents, we have really been as quiet as lambs and as meek as mice, and have evinced a ridiculous anxiety to give you no offense whatever, if we could by any possibility keep from annoying you, and at the same time hold the breath in our bodies. Why, there was Lord Brougham, so anxious to keep us all sitting pretty, with our hands before us, like four-year old pupils at a dame-school, that he declared he would use all his influence to keep us from holding any anti-slavery meetings, lest, perchance, you should be affronted. All this time you kept on returning fugitive slaves, sending home Southern prisoners on their parole of honor (!), and evincing a polite tenderness for rebel editors, a courtesy to seceding ladies, and a forbearance to traitorous officeholders at your seat of government that, we venture to think, was fully as deserving of the Hon. N. H. Whiting's uncomplimentary adjectives as our unpardonable crime in defining the rebels by a term which you yourselves fully recognize by all your behavior towards them. To you, O Editor! I have no objection to make. Like a sensible man, you approved of my poor letters; and, like another sensible man, I heartily endorsed your admirable leaders, and, accordingly, when you come to Dublin, I shall be very happy to make your acquaintance. As to the Hon. N. H. Whiting and Mr. Wendell Phillips, I shall have a crow to pluck with them, for I am sure they have judged us ungenerously and unjustly, and I hope to hear of their sitting on the stool of repentance.

This annual gathering of the Social Science Association has been an extremely pleasant affair. The halls of the Four Courts—the National Courts of Justice—were lent by government for the meetings of the several sections—such as Social Economy, Public Health, Jurisprudence, Trade and International Law, Education, Punishment, and Reformatories. Lord Brougham was our President, and other distinguished men were our Vice-Presidents, and between daily meetings and evening *soirées* and excursions to wind up the whole, we had a good time. One evening the Royal Irish Academy had a select gathering; another evening the Royal Dublin Society invited in all, and a third evening there were fifteen hundred guests at Lord Carlisle's State Rooms at the Castle, and many of us, myself among the number, had our first glimpse of high life, which we naturally enjoyed very much—like an Illinois farmer at a President's ball. This was Lord Brougham's first visit to Ireland. As he is the most eminent of our public men, for the greatness and versatility of his literary and scientific achievements, a politician, and a social reformer, and is besides active and executive, in his 83d year, he was received with very great respect and consideration. Many ladies, eminent for their talents and benevolence, took part in the meetings, both by reading papers and in discussion, and during the whole week the utmost courtesy was shown them, and the words "women's right's" were never uttered.

The various addresses that were read to us by some of the judges of the land, and other competent witnesses, testify to an extraordinary diminution of crime in Ireland, and to an almost unprecedented improvement in the industrial and social condition of our country. The cultivation of land is rapidly on the increase, and the wealth and comfort of the people is far beyond all former experience.

Yours, ever truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

DR. CHEEVER is expected to resume his ministry in the Church of the Puritans on Sunday next. As to what is likely to be the character of his first discourses we have no definite information, but it is reasonable to expect that he will give his congregation some account of his labors abroad, and seek to enforce the views of slavery with which his name stands associated, and which passing events are crowding upon the public attention. The hours of service in the Church are 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. The friends of freedom owe it to their cause to extend a warm greeting to one who, for its sake, has endured persecution from open foes and false friends. Let a crowded auditory attest their appreciation of his fidelity.

A PICTURE OF THE IMAGINATION.

MR. RUSSELL, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, in one of his letters—the latest that has yet arrived in this country—says:

"One does not know where to look for a solution of the difficulties which are springing up on all sides. Not the least of them is the dangerous socialist movement, which I foretold some time ago, among the working classes in the Northern cities, where we may yet hear the terrible cry of the French Revolution reechoed by the masses whom the war has sunk into poverty. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, may well grow pale at the thought. These mass meetings, which demand bread or work from the government, mean no good, but at present they only indicate approaching danger rather than its actual presence; and, meanwhile, the expenditure of the government is going on at the rate of one million two hundred thousand (1,200,000) dollars a day!"

Statements so utterly unfounded as this may do harm to the American cause in Great Britain, but their effect on this side the water can only be to destroy all confidence in the integrity of the writer.

Of the "dangerous socialist movement" which Mr. Russell so pathetically describes, and which he declares not to be the least of "the difficulties which are *springing up on all sides*" at the North, what American has heard even a whisper? We assert, without fear of contradiction, that his picture is drawn wholly from his own distempered imagination—that there is not, and has not been a sign, however insignificant, of any such movement as he describes—that neither in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or elsewhere, have there been any "mass meetings demanding bread or work from the government," or any meetings whatever of a character that could furnish any apology for the statement above quoted. That many people have been thrown out of employment, in consequence of the rebellion, is true; but in not one of the cities named have there been any serious indications of a turbulent spirit among the working classes, or any movements calculated to excite apprehensions of violence from that quarter. Mr. Russell may be right in saying that he has "foretold" this among other evils to result from the war; the Southern rebels have also made similar predictions; but, making due allowance for the natural anxiety of a prophet to see his predictions fulfilled, we think Mr. Russell can hardly be justified in gravely substituting fiction for fact, as he has done in the passage above quoted.

THE REBELLION AND SLAVERY.

THE following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the Monthly Prayer Meeting for the Enslaved, held in the Church of the Puritans, Union Square, on Monday evening, 9th Sept., DEXTER FAIRBANK, Esq., in the chair:

1. Whereas, Major-General Fremont, commanding the Western Department, having issued a proclamation dated St. Louis, August 31, 1861, declaring the property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proved to have taken active part with the enemies in the field, confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if they have any, *free men*;

Resolved, That this meeting records its liveliest satisfaction with, and approval of, the same, and trusts the Executive at Washington will carry out the same line of policy, as the best way to bring the rebellion to a speedy and satisfactory termination, by proclaiming the immediate and unconditional emancipation of all the slaves in the rebel States.

2. Whereas, The President has issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday of this month to be observed as a day of Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer, in reference to the existing rebellion;

Resolved, That this meeting cordially approves of the same, and would hereby earnestly, but respectfully, urge upon the President, in order that our keeping of said fast may be acceptable and well pleasing to Almighty God, and bring down His blessing upon our country, that it be observed according to His own Holy Word, where he says: "THIS IS THE FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSEN, TO LOOSE THE BONDS OF WICKEDNESS, TO UNDO THE HEAVY BURDENS, AND TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE."—Isaiah lviii. 6.

CORRECTION OF AN ERROR.

JAMESTOWN, Mercer Co., Pa., Sept. 2, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard

THE accuracy of your type is beyond all praise, and I have no doubt the error in my last was mine, not yours. A very slight change will read thus, and will be what I intended to say:

"And so I would keep our moral armor on and bright, were there no other possible motive for it except to cheer and aid on our now brave-hearted men; *for* before this war shall have wasted slavery away, it will have wasted everything else; and driven both the contending hosts to making terms of adjustment, as disastrous to freedom as they would be dishonorable and disgraceful to national honor and character."

And does not each passing day add new force to that melancholy utterance?

We had a crowded meeting yesterday, all day, at Linesville, and the following memorial was very numerously signed:

"*To his Excellency the President of the United States*—

"The undersigned, citizens and inhabitants of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, believing slavery to be the great cause of our present National calamity, earnestly desire that it may be immediately abolished under the war power."

Wherever I go, there is a terrible earnestness of purpose among the people, that the present strife shall only cease by the utter extermination of that which has produced it. And if the government could only look beyond the low demagoguism that now controls it, to the yearning heart of the people, there would be no hesitation in granting the above request.

Hitherto the war (as men call it) has been managed for the benefit of political aspirants, and sordid, vampyre army contractors—the seed-time of the former, the harvest of the other, but the funeral of thousands of our bravest young men, whose loss mothers, sisters, or dearer ones must mourn, till they join them in the worlds beyond. Hastily, but trustfully yours,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REBELLION RECORD: A Diary of the Southern Conspiracy and War against the United States, 1860-1. Edited by FRANK MOORE, author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway.

The object of this work, which has already reached its twenty-third weekly number, is to give, in a digested and systematic shape, a comprehensive history of the struggle with the Southern Rebellion; sifting fact from fiction and rumor; presenting the poetical and picturesque aspects, the notable and characteristic incidents, separated from the graver and more important documents. The matter is thus classified:

I.—A DIARY OF VERIFIED FACTS.

II.—POETRY AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

III.—DOCUMENTS, SPEECHES, AND EXTENDED NARRATIVES.

OBSERVE: each division is *separately paged* in each number, so that the volume, when bound, will be similarly divided. It is, of course, not intended to supersede or to keep up with the newspapers, but to subject the newspapers, North and South, to the crucible of *time*; following them at such distance as may be required to *verify and classify all that is best worth preserving* out of the immense mass of leaders, speeches, letters, and reports, which crowd the daily press. This number begins with a Diary of Occurrences, from the meeting of the South Carolina Convention, December 17, 1860. Every important document and extended narrative will be given in consecutive order, numbered, with references from the Diary.

The PRELIMINARY HISTORICAL SKETCH of causes which led to the struggle, and of occurrences following the election of Lincoln, will be carefully prepared by an experienced and competent hand. It will aim at entire truthfulness and impartiality. This history will form a DOUBLE OR QUADRUPLE number of the work, and can be bound as an INTRODUCTION to the Diary. It will be issued in a few weeks.

A TITLE-PAGE, CONTENTS, and INDEX, will be given with the concluding number.

The work is issued in weekly numbers for 10 cents; in monthly parts for 50 cents. The numbers for six months will constitute a volume, containing about 800 closely printed pages, Royal octavo. Price in cloth, $3.75; sheep extra, $4.00; half calf, antique, $5.00.

The first volume will be issued on the first of October, and be prefaced by Edward Everett's "View of the Great Issues before the Country and the Causes of the Rebellion." It will contain complete and accurate copies of all the Secession Ordinances—(official); Davis's and Stephens's Speeches and Proclamations; Proclamations and Messages of President Lincoln; State Papers of all kinds; Military Proclamations on both sides; Speeches and Appeals of Southern Union Men (Kennedy, Holt, Dixon, Crittenden, etc.); English Articles on the war; "Contraband" Correspondence; Radical Northern Speeches; Motley's Causes of the War; W. H. Russell's letters; Curiosities of Southern War Literature; Reports of Battles and Skirmishes; Lists of Officers of Regiments, etc.; Picturesque Narratives; Patriotic Poetry; Songs of the Rebels; Munchauseniana; Anecdotes, Statistics, etc. It will also contain a colored map of the United States, and portraits on steel of Gen. Scott, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Fremont, Gen. Butler, Gen. Anderson, Gen. Dix, Gen. Cameron, Gen. Lyon, Gov. Sprague, and President Lincoln, and Jefferson Davis.

It will need no argument to convince our readers of the importance and value of such a work, and we need only say that the numbers thus far issued evince the conscientious industry and pains-taking research of the editor.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for September contains the following papers: 1. The Theory of a Personal Devil; 2. England and America; 3. Mystics and their Creed; 4. Two College Poems; 5. Vincenzo Gioberti; 6. Stories of Peasant Life; 7. Review of Current Literature. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN.—A friend informs us that the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, late Chaplain in one of the New York regiments, stated in a sermon, preached in this city last Sunday, that the place of John Brown's execution had lately been visited by more than 30,000 Northern soldiers, and that a tree, under the shadow of which his body rested after it was taken down from the gallows, had been literally cut up into souvenirs, to be sent off in letters or retained in memory of the hero of Harper's Ferry.

GERRIT SMITH'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, which will be found on the first page, sets in a very clear and convincing light the policy as well as duty of giving freedom to the slaves, as the only means of effectually putting down the Southern Rebellion and bringing the war to an honorable conclusion. We have read nothing better from Mr. Smith's pen in many years. We hope the President may read it and give heed to the advice it contains.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Rome, Italy, July 22d, LUCIA, daughter of the late Warren Weston, Esq., of Weymouth, Massachusetts. This announcement will be a grief to many of our readers. It can hardly be a surprise to any such, as all that knew her knew that her life has been long held by a most precarious tenure. She went to Europe, many years ago, in the hope of the restoration of her impaired health, and she was never able to return again. These years have been spent in the most interesting and delightful scenes of the old world, in the society of congenial minds and watched over by the tenderest and most assiduous affection. At last, the long disease which her life had been for so many years was healed, and she breathed forth her gentle spirit upon the air of that Rome she loved so well and to whose soil she bequeathed her dust.

Miss Lucia Weston may be said to have been born into the anti-slavery cause. At least, she was so young at the time the movement began that her first recollections must have been connected with its earlier history. From her childhood her heart was with it and her hands ever ready with what they could find to do in its service. From the small beginnings of agitation in which she and such as she were helpers, has grown up that gigantic convulsion which now threatens to engulf slavery or to rend the nation asunder. She lived to know the events which are now shaking this continent with their tread, and to rejoice that she had been permitted to witness the beginning of their march, and to bid them God speed on their way.

To say less than this would seem injustice to the many who remember the earnest and busy share she took in every good anti-slavery word and work. To say more would seem an impertinence to those that remember how quiet and unobtrusive she was in all her walks and ways. To those who knew her well it were needless to say anything of her personal characteristics; and to others, it were vain and idle. But with those few, the thought of her gentle voice, her graceful manners, her lively wit, her sunny spirits, her instinctive taste and fine intelligence, her thorough amiability and absolute sweetness of temper, will long abide, a precious memory of one who scarcely needed to drop the veil of flesh to stand revealed an angel.

Chronicles of the War.

The Great Battle on the Potomac near at hand.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10, 1861.

An early attack upon this city by the rebel army concentrated in Virginia has been so often predicted without coming to pass, that such reports have almost become the subject of ridicule; but from information received to-day from a most reliable source, the entire rebel army had advanced in great force as far as Fairfax Court-House, and made that place its headquarters, the left wing extending up the river as far as Great Falls, and the right resting in front of Alexandria. The main body is upon the left, indicating an intention to carry out the programme previously mentioned, to attempt to cross the river at some point above the city.

The information derived from the sources alluded to is, that the rebel generals have no intention of attacking our centre. They hope to cross the Potomac, overrun Maryland and obtain possession of Washington. It is very evident that if the information derived from this source is correct, a great battle will soon be fought; and from the very nature of things, it being for the possession of the National Capital, it will be a severe struggle, such as modern history has not yet recorded. Look out for the battle of the Potomac.

That the strength of the rebel army has been greatly underrated by the people of the loyal States, and even by prominent public men here, there can now be little doubt. It was stated several days ago, that reliable information had been received from Richmond that their army of the Potomac was between 250,000 to 300,000 strong. This statement has been very recently corroborated by a number of gentlemen of high reputation in Kentucky, who have returned from visits to the seat of war in Virginia within a few days. They all agree in the information that the rebel army of the Potomac is over two hundred and fifty thousand in number.

That an attack is imminent is apparent from various corroborating circumstances. Among others is the sudden preparations for the departure of ladies of known rebel sympathies and associations, who have perhaps better opportunities than other people to obtain correct information of the intentions of the rebels, and who are getting ready to leave without delay, under apprehensions of an immediate attack upon the city, with such force and such prospects of success as to render it dangerous to remain here even twenty-four hours longer.

Gen. McClellan's Preparations.

We learn from a private source, worthy of credence, that Gen. McClellan, on last Tuesday morning, had *fifty-six batteries* of artillery of six guns each, of various caliber, and about 150,000 men, at and near Washington, and this army will be increased to at least 200,000 men before the end of the present week. The organization and drill of these troops are going forward with industry and care, and the degree of discipline already apparent in every company, regiment, and brigade is in the highest degree creditable to the officers and the men, and promises great effectiveness in any future operations that may be undertaken against the enemy. The movements of troops, and everything connected with the army preparation, are carefully kept from public knowledge, but the facts above given—to state which can do no harm now, but will gratify public interest—may be relied upon, coming, as they do, from one who knows whereof he speaks.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Privateer Sumter.

We hear again from the pirate Sumter. Advices from Trinidad state that she went boldly into that harbor on the 30th of July. She was then last from Puerto Cabello, and had captured eleven American vessels. She landed eight prisoners in a destitute condition, and remained in the port till the 5th ult.; she was allowed to take in coals and supplies of various sorts. It is stated that the British flag was hoisted on the government staff in honor of the pirate's arrival, and that the officers of the British ship Cadmus cultivated very friendly relations with the officers of the craft.

From Baltimore.

The authorities in Baltimore are following up the traitors who reside there with much vigor. A number of important arrests has just been made. Among these was a carriage maker; he had finished to order a vehicle so constructed as to facilitate the transmission of articles to the rebel country. He was arrested just as he was about to drive away from his shop in the carriage; a false floor was taken up, and beneath it was found a large quantity of contraband goods, including twenty large sized navy revolvers, much gold lace, some red flannel, and a great package of letters to parties in the South from well known men in Baltimore. When the wheelwright was arrested he tried to affect the bravado, but as soon as the police opened his secret receptacle, he cried out, "My God! I am a ruined man!"

From Missouri.

The news from Missouri indicates a strict enforcement of martial law in St. Louis. From Rolla we have reports of two skirmishes—one on Dougal's Prairie, Gasconade County, and the other at Cuba. In the former case two rebels were killed and eight taken prisoners, and in the latter ten rebels were killed and thirty-four horses captured. No engagement is known to have taken place between Gen. Rains (rebel) and Col. Jim Montgomery up to Friday last, by which it may be concluded that Fort Scott was still safe. Gen. Price was reported within fifteen miles of that place, marching onward to join Gen. Rains, when the united forces would number about seven thousand. Ex-Governor Jackson is said to have left Springfield to join the State forces. Gen. Ben. McCulloch was last heard of at Fort Smith *en route* for Fort Walker, Arkansas; but it is suspected that his troops would hover about the border so as to be in readiness to advance and act in concert with the Missourians should his services be needed.

Another Naval Expedition.

A naval expedition will sail from New York within the coming two weeks, which will no doubt have a most important bearing upon the progress of the present war. It will comprise a large fleet of gunboats and transports and a force of probably 20,000 men, including some which will be taken from Fortress Monroe. The destination is, of course, a secret, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, but we can assure our readers that if successful, of which there is but very little doubt, it will be the most terrible and effective blow yet dealt at the rebels.—*World.*

Western Virginia.

Considerable anxiety is felt for news from Western Virginia, as a battle between Gens. Rosecranz and Lee has been expected for some time. On Saturday night, Rosecranz, with his entire command, numbering, as it is supposed, about 17,000, went from Sutton to Camp Smith, which is situated on Gauley River, near Somerville. On Sunday he was to move on the enemy, Lee's force being about 20,000. A battle was expected on Monday, beyond a doubt, but up to this time no news of an engagement has been received.

League of Loyalty at the South.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Edenton, N. C., Aug. 8, says:

"All men have heard of the Carbonari, and how they kept the seed of freedom in medieval Europe for the harvests of later days. So, now, in the manacled South, in spite of the hundred-eyed vigilance of tyranny, does the League of loyalty, organized against atrocious attempts to put down free speech and substitute for reason the sharp arguments of force, having banded thousands upon thousands in its brotherhood of freemen, go on daily 'from strength to strength.' Even those who denounce Know-Nothingism, and other secret organizations, political and charitable, for what they regard as a needless and suspicious assumption of secresy, cannot urge the same objections to the Union League. In peaceful times, when the safety and freedom of all classes is assured, a clandestine society may be censured with comparative propriety. Thus the 'K. G. C.' was justly stigmatized, South and North alike, as dangerous and meddlesome. But when the procrustean policy of an oppressive government forces men to talk all one way, tolerates no opposition, or even adverse criticism, and denies its subjects the privilege of counsel for the common welfare, such societies will spring up spontaneously. They are a necessity of human nature, and all history is full of their examples.

"Since the death of Gov. Ellis a great reaction has taken place against the pitiable and corrupt conspiracy of the Davisites. Acting-Gov. Clark, late Speaker of the Senate, is a Union man at heart, as are Gov. Letcher of Virginia, and Gov. Brown of Georgia. A vigorous prosecution of the war is the duty of the government, not only for the restoration of its authority, but in behalf of its outraged citizens who demand protection, and who are willing, with reasonable assistance, themselves to strike the blow that shall deliver them.

"At the Congressional election held last Thursday, the 1st inst., in accordance with the statute fixing the first Thursday in August as the day (the same as in Tennessee), four members, and perhaps others, were elected, several of them receiving a very large and flattering vote. Some of those known to be elected are gentlemen of age and experience, who have already seen service in the councils of the nations. For them a seat in Congress has no new honors or personal inducements; its acceptance involves, on the contrary, a patriotic sacrifice.

"The country need not be surprised if, when the roll is called in the House of Representatives next December, Georgia, Texas, Alabama, and it may be a majority of those known as 'revolted States,' should respond in the persons of tried and loyal representatives. In the States named, the UNION LEAGUE is even now established and increasing. The Empire State of the South, however, according to present signs, will be out of the 'C. S. A.' without their aid, by a secession from secession, and that before many months."

"SABLE CLOUDS."

"MASSA, AM DIS CANADA?"—A few weeks since a farmer residing near the Lehigh mountain, not far from Allentown, was accosted by a colored "chattel"—who came out of the mountain at daybreak on a "double quick"—with the words, "Massa, am dis Canada?" He informed the escaped fugitive, who did not seem to possess much knowledge of geography, that he was indeed very far from Canada, but told him not to be alarmed on that account. The kind hearted farmer, besides giving the "contraband" plenty to eat, supplied him with funds to prosecute his journey, and sent him on his way rejoicing.—*Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Times, Aug. 24.*

THE FEAR OF INSURRECTION.—The special North Carolina correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date of Aug. 26th, says:

"Among the various alarms alluded to above as afflicting the different sections of the Confederacy, the ever-present and haunting apprehension of negro insurrection should not be forgotten. This is the universal and controlling fear. Not a slave-owner at the seat of war but is prepared at any moment to hear of the massacre of his family by domestic servants. Even in the midst of villages the least noise at night about the house, the slamming of an unfastened blind, the creaking of a door, or any sound that disturbs the sleep, is fraught with vague terror, and inspires a mysterious dread. Startling reports of slaves rising against their masters are of daily, indeed hourly recurrence. There have been many false alarms, but the wolf will come at last in earnest. The black race, by the bye, have a wonderful intuitive sagacity—a greater sharpness of the senses and keener acuteness of perception than even the Anglo-Saxon—a remarkable fact, considering their ignorance and degradation. Their faculties appear to have something of the unerring quality of instinct. They see further and better in the night than whites, and are singularly cunning in eluding the patrol, and in prosecuting and concealing their continual thieveries. Smoke-houses are robbed of their bacon; granaries of their corn; even burglaries are effected, and detection set utterly at naught. In one instance, in a populous town, a store was entered and a heavy iron safe bodily abstracted by a gang of them, no traces of which were ever afterward found, or the slightest progress made toward a discovery of the bold offenders. They are great dissemblers, and their duplicity rivals the shrewdest Machiavellianism of political intrigue. Yet they are the best confidants in the world, and their narrow brains hold many a fearful secret. It seems natural to them to 'keep dark.'"

COLORED HEROES AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT HATTERAS AND FORT CLARKE.—Although the commanders of the Federal troops declined to accept the services of people of color in the war for the Union, we are glad to learn that the naval commanders are not so ridiculously punctilious. At the late brilliant achievement in Hatteras Inlet, some of the contrabands from Fortress Monroe worked the after gun of the Minnesota's upper deck. And nobly did they do it. Standing side by side with the white man, they proved that they not only possessed the ability, but the pluck also, to fight against the enemies of the Union; and that they are as ready to assist in the present crisis, as their forefathers were in the revolution, in the army under Washington. Here is the account of it furnished by the reporter of the Boston *Journal*:

"During the action the scenes on the decks of the Minnesota were most exciting. What do you think of arming negroes? Wouldn't Wendell Phillips have found a text for an oration had he stood on that deck watching half-a-dozen contrabands, who came from the batteries at Yorktown to seek the protection of Fortress Monroe, as they worked the after gun of the upper deck? Certainly it was a sight which I little expected ever to see when I left your office to take notes of the war. But opinions change very rapidly under the accelerating influence of revolutionary times. First our soldiers were to quell servile insurrections. Then they were to protect contrabands who should relieve them of fatigue duty. Then the contraband doctrine went down before a new comer, looking very much like general emancipation. And in the last days of August, in the first year of our civil war, the negro stands by the side of the white man, fighting the battles of the country. Mr. Phillips may think this more important than the capture of seven hundred prisoners with a flag officer at their head, or even the possession of two rebel forts and a thousand stand of arms. At any rate, whether the incident has any peculiar significance or not, let me say that the negroes worked well, never better—and they evidently enjoyed the business."—*Pine and Palm.*

"THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME!"—A correspondent of the New York *Herald* writing on board the U. S. steam frigate Roanoke, off Charleston, Aug. 4, thus describes the arrival of a couple of contrabands, and their escape from slavery: "This morning there came paddling from shore towards us two contraband chattels—and about as genuine specimens of real plantation darkies as I ever saw anywhere in the South. They had a dilapidated specimen of a boat, sadly disfigured around the bow, leaking badly, and their oars had been rudely spliced out on the blades with some rough pieces of board, tied on with a piece of hemp rope. An old wooden bowl served to bail out the leaky craft, and from appearances it evidently had to be used pretty often on the voyage the ebony faces had taken. They had showed the good sense to supply themselves with a fair share of provisions, which were stowed away in the stern, in a box about two feet square. We noticed a fine lot of fresh looking turtle eggs, some rice, bacon, bread, etc. The whole outfit wore rather a primitive look, the canoe looking more like one of the old French dug-outs one sees along the Detroit river than a salt water boat.

"When the strange speck on the water was discovered, a boat was sent from the steamer Rhode Island, supply ship, that had just come in from New York, and brought the runaways on board. When they first came on board they appeared shy and acted 'like cats in a strange garret.' They told an evidently straightforward story—that they lived some distance from the city of Charleston on a cotton plantation—that they, in company with another negro, whom they called their uncle (in all probability some such representative of a plantation as Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe's picturing), ran away from home on account of not getting enough to eat, and the stories they heard 'bout de nabolitionists coming for to shoot dem.' The uncle, they say, was shot by their pursuers, but these two more lucky chattels managed by fleeter heels to evade the catchers, and secreted themselves, as they say, ten days in the swamps and woods near by. Arriving at Charleston, they took a hasty look about the city, and seeing the 'big ships away off in de bayou,' they thought they would 'seesesh.' They somehow evaded the pickets—if they have any outside the city limits—stole the boat they had somewhere ten miles up the shore, and put to sea. The poor devils must have rowed all night in the frail bark they were in when picked up about ten o'clock in the morning. I could not help but pity the helpless creatures as they came over the side of the ship, their eyes sticking out of their heads in utter astonishment at the new sights presented to them. A wag of an officer questioned them as to whose boys they were, how they came to run off, and various other interrogatories, to all of which the little nigger, who I judged was about eighteen years old, and appeared to be spokesman, replied, while the older, a fine-looking fellow, worth at least twelve hundred dollars, about twenty-two years old, stood in the background and occasionally prompted. Their clothing, what little they had on, was fluttering in shreds, worse than the bunting on Fort Sumter will be if our fleet ever get after it. No sign of a hat or shoe did they have, their matted, curly hair bearing evidence that such a thing as a comb never was heard of where they came from. When asked the question if any of the hands on their plantation had gone on, they replied: 'Yes, massa, heap of niggers gone wid soldier man to shovel wid de sand and tote de big guns.' In reply to the question if there were many troops in Charleston, they said: 'All in Sumter, which dey fix up slick, and have a mighty sight of big guns and iron balls.' They didn't seem to know the price of tobacco, rum, or anything else in Charleston but butter, which is 'mighty scarce—six bits a pound.' As to how they were treated, they said they had 'Good massa. Poor fodder since Linkum come to de country—nothing but crack corn.' They could not give, or would not, any reason how they came to leave, only 'times was heap harder than used to was, and white folks all go off to shoot nabulishers, dat want to steal niggers, so bigger want to get to big boats.' They gradually, as the conversation proceeded more in a joking manner on the part of the officer, became less fidgety, and showed their ivory conspicuously as the laugh came in. When told they would have to be sent back ashore, there was a visible fall in the thermometer of their countenances; they seemed to understand that, and said: "Massa shoot 'em dead, niggers go back—dey want to stay wid blue shirt boatmen.' It was evident that they had a due appreciation of the heinousness of the crime of running away from home, and were willing to try the experiment of a change, even with strangers. There was one little incident I noticed with a thrill of pleasure. These poor benighted creatures, in all their ignorance, seemed still to retain a lingering remembrance of the old flag, for I observed the little darky as he occasionally cast his eye to the stars and stripes floating from the vessels of the fleet, pull his chum's ragged old shirt with a whisper, 'dem's um.' It showed that they had seen it before in former years, before the piratical ensign that now floats from the poles in the South was thought of. It was an incident that made the old flag dearer to me than ever—that even the uneducated, the chattel of the sunny South, born beneath its folds, knew, as if by instinct, that beneath its shadows the oppressed and downtrodden, of whatever color or shade, ever found protection. It was good for one's soul to think of, and tell you warmed up every patriotic emotion, if I needed any, and I only felt more and more sanguine that our cause was just, and must succeed. The contrabands were sent on board our ship to the flag-officer, and of course attracted the attention of the whole ship's company. They came on board; the little darkey came over the side, with a sea biscuit in his mouth, his hands being occupied in handling the ropes. I noticed he hung on to his bread, while the elder of the two, with one of his trowsers legs split from the waist down to his heels—which latter appendages, by the way, were of the wide expansion style—had most of his time occupied in his endeavors to hide his nakedness. After remaining on board a short time, they were again transferred to the Rhode Island, where they were immediately put into the coal-hole to assist in breaking coal. This is the true course to pursue in regard to the contraband articles. If our Southern brethren can take our mints, custom-houses, ships, etc., and appropriate them for their own hellish purposes, I see no reason why we should not use their tools to counteract it. The Rhode Island will keep a strict account of the services rendered by them, and a debit and credit account opened, to be settled when we conquer a peace."

Summary.

CLERICAL REBELS DEPARTING.—Every Reverend South Side is leaving us. The Gospel according to slavery has ceased to pay. The Presbyterians have lost the Rev. John Leyburn, who has had letters dismissory to Virginia. The Baptists have lost the Rev. Messrs. Brantley, Cuthbert and Winston—all gone South, whence they came. But none went off at the same Virginia speed with the late Rev. Wise, Jr.—*Phil. Cor. Tribune.*

BAYARD TAYLOR, who has been spending the last three months at Gotha, in Germany, with the relatives of his wife, is expected home by every steamer. Immediately upon his return he will join one of the divisions of the National army, as the war correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. His new volume of poems was stereotyped in the early part of the summer, but will not appear until November.—*Chester County (Pa.) Times.*

COMPROMISE.—It is said that a very old lion, whose teeth were worn smooth, and whose strength was greatly impaired, proposed to the shepherds that he would live in peace with them if they would catch, kill, and dress for him a given number of sheep each week. Like this proposition of the debilitated beast, comes the wail of compromise from the affrighted, fawning sycophants of the Slave Power. But we cannot yield, for they ask us for what is not lawfully ours, and for what we could not, even if it were ours, surrender to another.—*J. T.—Independent.*

AREA OF THE FREE AND SLAVE STATES.—Excluding the Pacific States (California and Oregon), the slave States embrace more territory than the free States. For example:

Free States (less California and Oregon)	737,440
Slave States	833,448
Excess of slave States	104,008

Virginia has 61,352 square miles of territory and New York 47,000. Excess of Virginia over New York, 14,352. Virginia is larger than New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut combined. Missouri is one-third larger than the State of New York, and larger also than all the New England States together.

An anecdote of John G. Whittier is told by the Boston *Transcript*, as follows: "On a recent occasion he was travelling with a friend over a New Hampshire railroad, and during conversation Mr. Whittier's friend, who is also a member of the Society of Friends, told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used in building the gunboats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consistence with the peace doctrines of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculated to decide the question, the two arrived at their parting place, when Mr. Whittier, shaking his friend's hand, said: 'Moses, if thee *does* furnish any of that oak timber thee spoke of, *be sure that it is all sound.*'"

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY is indebted to Mr. A. W. Thayer for a collection of about 500 works relating to the history, science, and art of music. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Kondelka, which was advertised to be sold by auction at Berlin in January last. To this Mr. Thayer has added more than 100 volumes. The collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries, some of which have become extremely rare. It has, beside these, many later works of excellence. In connection with it should be mentioned 28 quarto volumes of manuscript music, selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late Custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library of Berlin.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT.—Ex-Governor Briggs of Pittsfield, Mass., met with a deplorable accident last week, which will probably cost him his life. The following extract of a letter from his son we copy from *The Evening Post*:

"Dear father was terribly injured yesterday about one o'clock, p.m., by the accidental discharge of a shot-gun, which carried away the right upper and lower jaw and fearfully lacerated his face and neck. He sustained the dressing of the wounds (two and a half hours) with great fortitude; but at ten o'clock, p.m., the bleeding recommenced, and continued until three o'clock this morning, when he slept by the use of opiates, and the bleeding was stopped.

"Dr. Childs did not think he would survive the night while he was bleeding the second time. There is a bare possibility of his recov

Miscellaneous Department.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

I.

RED CYPRESS! Thee I pluck to-day.
All flowers have meaning, poets say.
The legend of thy leaf
Is Death, the Grave, and Grief.
Thou growest for the sake
Of all the hearts that break;
But since so many hearts have bled,
Thy flower hath turn'd blood-red.
Thee on my breast I wear,
For now a heart bleeds there.

II.

WHITE ROSE! Why pluck I not the red?
The red rose speaks of love:
—And love I not my dead?
What speaks the white rose of?
Despair! Love's last despair!
This is the load I bear;
So I the white rose wear.

III.

BLUE HAREBELL! Mute the knell
Of thy soft bell,
Yet each breath shakes it, as in toll
Of some departed soul.
Grief is thy second name;
Grief bendeth down thy head;
Grief boweth mine the same;—
Who grieveth not for some one dead?
Grief's flower I wear upon my breast;
Grief is my heart's lone guest;
—But never yet was grief unblest!
So every weeper hath confess'd:
—So hath my heart its rest.

THEODORE TILTON.

THE HEARTH.

WHEN Edmund Burke, on the French army being daily expected in our island, implored a large audience of farmers and esquires to fight like men, *pro aris et focis*, he used the very strongest argument that can be addressed to a Briton. It was very well for Sheridan to raise a laugh against the orator, by irreverently translating the Latin passage into a request to fight "for the hares and foxes," but the sentiment was a good and true one. We all love our homes, and the most sacred of all wars is that waged in defence of the hearth and the altar. It must be owned, however, that the fireside, with all its genial and tender associations, is an institution peculiar to Europe, and that the records of Scripture history do not assign it to the elder races of mankind. The tent-pole, or central prop of the canvas dwelling, fills, in the estimation of an Arab, the important place which we Westerns have assigned to the hearth. And as it is with the Arab, so was it with the Hebrew of the patriarchal period; and so is it with all those nomads of Aramaic, Mongol, or Persian stock, who wander over the boundless plains of Asia. The dwellers in tents uniformly kindle their fire in the open air; they make little use of it save for cooking; they are generally put to straits to provide a sufficiency of such wretched fuel as the deserts can supply; and the fire is regarded rather as a nuisance than as a domestic shrine. But when, following the obscure stream of history, we get to the Greek of classic days, we find the fire in high esteem. A myth consecrated its origin; Prometheus stole the spark from the jealous heaven of the Polytheist, and something of a celestial character clung to the bright visitor. In Hellas, the fireside was sacred. The suppliant who knelt upon the hearth, though he were the bitterest of private or public foes, was safe in that sanctuary, and insured not merely life, but kindly hospitality. The most dreadful sentence that could be passed against a bad citizen was the denial of fire and water, which debarred the hunted wretch from pleading the old privilege. Not that the Grecian fires were of a character adapted to please an Englishman's fancy. Fuel was never too abundant in stony Greece; and although the Athenians were not obliged, like the Assyrians of Babylon and Nineveh, to burn dried grass, nor to make argol fires, like the Tibetans, they were exceedingly ill provided with the wherewithal for a cheerful and steady blaze. Thorns, roots, and stumps of dead olive trees, the half-rotten tendrils of useless vines, wreckwood, and charcoal brought at considerable expense from Thracian forests, were the resources of Attica. Timber was too precious to a nation of ship-builders to be wasted in mere combustion, and the "coals" mentioned in sacred and profane chronicles were merely lumps of charcoal, which were used by artisans, as well as for domestic purposes.

The Romans were better off in this respect, for Italy, fertile in all respects, abounded in wood ready for the axe. In the early days of the republic, in especial, there was no lack of fuel; the logs were roughly piled upon the broad hearthstone, mingled with an armful of brushwood, and ignited, while the family gathered literally around the ruddy glow. It may be justly doubted whether Cincinnatus could boast the possession of a chimney—a refinement originating in the houses of the wealthier patricians, and which gradually diffused itself among the farms and cottages of the rustic outdwellers of Rome. It is curious to observe how the sacred character of the hearth, derived, it is probable, from the traditions of the Hellenic colonists in Magna Græcia, died away as luxury progressed. As long as the primitive log-pile blazed and crackled, the homely virtues and charities abode beside that somewhat smoky altar of household happiness. The suppliant could crouch upon the hearth, sure of pity and protection; the traveller was fed and warmed; family ties were cherished with fidelity and affection. Then came a long era of triumph, and the plunder of all nations, and the demoralization of the robbers, as they quarrelled over the distribution of the spoils, and the touching old picture of the farmhouse hearth, and its merry kindly group, has vanished like a dissolving view. Instead, we find the huge palaces and villas of the patricians deriving their warmth from hypocausts, and hot-air flues and pipes, and subterranean stoves, and all the elaborate apparatus which the spade has revealed alike in Shropshire and in Salerno. We find the fire banished from polite circles, and hidden out of sight, like a useful but ungainly slave.

Meanwhile, the artisan or the farmer has but a poor chafing-dish full of incandescent charcoal to replace the noble pile of roaring fuel that warmed his grandmothers. The mountains are nearly bare of timber now; the oaks have fallen beneath the hatchet of dead-and-gone generations; and no plain man can afford the cheery fires of old. Indeed, since the Empire commenced, the ancient yeomanry have been decaying and disappearing within many a league of the Eternal City. Great gangs of slaves, toiling under the orders of some senator's steward, have replaced the free agriculturists of former days; and already the question is mooted, whether it would not be as well to trust for corn to Egypt and North Africa, and give up the tilling of the Campagna as a troublesome speculation. Within the city, the plebeian has but the mockery of a hearth, and his attachment to it is but the shadow of a sentiment. He has his little altar still, his household gods, his Lares and Penates, and he gratifies those little twopenny images at uncertain intervals with a whiff of burning charcoal, a pinch of incense, or a sprinkling of sweet herbs and sour wine; but the old charm is gone. The poor Roman, when he wishes to be warm, trudges to the public baths, which emperors and consuls have built for him, and where he finds hot air and hot water, shows and pantomimes, music, soap, towels, shampooing, shade and sofas, gratis, or nearly so. Yet a little while, and he will look for board as well as washing to the bounty of government, will open his mouth to be fed by Cæsar's hand, will receive his daily dole of Mauritanian wheat, and clamor for *panem et circenses* as the only aspirations of mankind. Of course, the old sanctity of the hearth, the pristine hospitality, conjugal faith, family affection, are all over for the motley population of the Mistress of the World. Nor, indeed, is the domestic fireside a favorite topic with such perfumed dandies as Horace and Ovid, or with Swift's prototype, keen-witted, venom-lipped Juvenal, though bluff Virgil had a Georgic taste for the rough plenty and Arcadian ethics of a farmer's life.

The nations that had bowed to the Roman yoke, in Western Europe at least—Gaul, Briton, Spaniard, and Belgian—were not slow to adopt the Roman method of warming their dwelling-places. In the better class of houses, at any rate, the hypocaust was imported, along with the bath, and the atrium, and the cubicula, and the mounting-block, and the Mosaic flooring, and pavement of herring-boned bricks. At Shrewsbury, at Seville, at Arles, there they lie beneath the crust of the earth, ready for the mattock to unveil them, those crafty contrivances of Roman architects for diffusing heat throughout the apartments from the vaults beneath. In our own time, we have rediscovered a process which is thus proved to be two thousand years old. But, however comfortable in a climate which was probably more severe than at the present day, these hidden hypocausts were fatal to sociability, to family gatherings around a pleasant blaze, and to all the homely genii that delight to haunt a hearth, from the cricket to the fairy. No one can wax sentimental, or jovial, or tender on account of an equable current of warm air ascending through holes in the floor. A great element was wanting in the household life of the early centuries, A.D., among the provinces and colonies of Rome. The resistless tide of human life, force, shrewdness, and valor, that set in from the north to submerge the old empire, was the proximate cause of the revival of the fireside in its best aspect. Those Goths and Vandals—our martial ancestry—at whose onslaught upon the enervated Queen of Nations we are taught to shudder in our school days, did not come empty-handed from their Hercynian woods and Danish swamps. They took much, but they also gave much; they braced up the crazy constitution of the worn-out world with a healthy but unpleasant shock like that of a shower-bath in chilly weather. Among other benefits, they conferred that of the hearth. The hearth, with the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, meant a great deal; it implied not merely comfort, but hospitality charity, justice; a knightly respect for women, which the Roman never dreamed of; protection for the weak; good fellowship—the brightest and best germs of that chivalry which was hereafter to blossom, bear fruit, and run fantastically to seed. It must be admitted that this same hearth, with its mountain of logs and boughs, heaped on a flat stone, and disseminating volumes of the most pungent smoke around the low-roofed hovel, was by no means adapted to civilized requirements; but the people of Northern and Central Europe had a noble indifference to this trifling drawback. Even so late as the reigns of our Plantagenet kings, the great bulk of English cottages had no chimney, although a hole in the thatched roof provided a means of exit whereof the smoke could avail itself at pleasure. Nor, when about the period of Elizabeth's ascension, brick chimneys became all but universal additions to the lath and plaster, or cob-walled, or half-timbered tenements of the rural population, were grumblers lacking. Old persons wagged their heads against the effeminacy of modern comforts, and predicted that the French would conquer the degenerate wretches who objected to be smoke-dried, as the gaffers of an earlier date had been. Grave men recorded in solemn printed books their scorn of the innovation, and their high opinion of the virtues of smoke in all its branches.

In the good old days, said these recalcitrants, colds, coughs, and catarrhs were unknown among the peasantry; rheumatism was kept aloof by the hot vapor; and if the eyes of aged folks became bleared rather earlier than need be, in consequence of the smothering fumes they lived in, why, their forefathers had partaken of the same trifling infirmity centuries ago. Still, the chimneys triumphed. For hundreds of years the population of England burned wood, until lack of thrift had exterminated the virgin forests. But when Sherwood, and Needwood, and Charnwood, and many a famous woodland besides, had been thinned by the axe—when the Weald of Kent had been stripped bare, and the Weald of Sussex had yielded up its myriads of oaks and ash-trees and holly stems to supply the iron furnaces of the south, long since cold and desolate—a great dearth of fuel was felt throughout the land. In vain did Parliament, ever meddling in those old days, and always to no purpose, decree that firewood should be sold for viij pence the cord, no more and no less; the immutable laws of profit and loss, of supply and demand, were too powerful for all the edicts of Westminster. Then came in sea-borne coal from the pits of Durham and Northumberland, called sea-coal by all the dwellers in Cockaigne and the southern counties, in virtue of its transport on shipboard. A great struggle took place about this coal, which was prohibited by act of Parliament again and again, which was first used by smiths and metal-workers, then adopted for domestic purposes, and which gradually asserted the mastery over the more expensive timber. And so it fell out that cheapness and convenience proved an overmatch for the acts passed in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., and that London swore a lasting allegiance to the sable dynasty of Wallsend. But, although in the Lowlands of Scotland, and in England north of Trent, much coal was burned, the city of London alone, in all probability, consumed as many black diamonds as all the rest of the archiepiscopal province of Canterbury put together. Where coal could not be wafted by water, it could not be consumed at all. The enormous cost of land-carriage in those days of robbers, and floods and quagmires, and caravans of packhorses, acted as a prohibition more effectual than any legal one; and as neither decent roads nor canals were in existence, it is evident that only in seaports, or where a navigable river gave admission to the Newcastle coasters, could the inhabitants of Southern England replenish their fires with pit-coal. Ireland, the greater part of Wales, Devonshire, the fenny East Anglian counties, and the Highlands and borders of Scotland, depended on peat for their share of warmth and comfort. So late as the year 1690, one cargo of coal, shipped in a Leith brig, and called by the consumers "black stones," furnished the annual supply of fuel for the town of Inverness; nor did any other burgh in the ultra-Grampian regions import the means of artificial heat. To this day, the peasantry of Dartmoor and other heathy districts of the West are accustomed to gather round a crimson glow of burning peat; and to this day, Huntingdonshire retails the produce of her swampy fens in every part of the Home Circuit. But in the England of the Tudors and Stuarts, the turf which the moors and bogs then yielded in sufficient plenty, was the resource of the poorest class alone; the gentry adhered to log-fires, the yeomen and traders to piles of roots and small wood, eked out by peats, unless, indeed, the proximity of a friendly river allowed some convenient barge to bring its freight of sea-coal to their doors.

We are apt to attribute to our ancestors a certain profuseness of expenditure, a great-souled liberality, which the records of past ages do not really warrant. Thus we read of their Homeric feasts, of their hecatombs of slaughtered cattle, their mountains of fish, game, and poultry, their pasties, their hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, their very fountains spouting good liquor for the delectation of a thirsty public, and we marvel as we read. Then we gradually begin to make out, through the haze of antiquity, that these were but exceptional fits of prodigality; that the very importance attached to a feast, proves how plain and sparing was the diet of those who exulted so heartily over one overfull meal. We remember the corned beef of the squire, the salted eels of the churl, the rye-bread and its scrap of salt-butter, the long winter without fresh provisions, the paucity of vegetables, the absence of groceries, and our admiration cools for the two or three tremendous festivals, when gluttony and guzzling were the order of the day. So with fuel. We sneer at our degenerate fires even as we plunge the poker between the narrow bars, and talk grandly of the mighty blaze that roared of old up the wide-mouthed chimney, of the great pile of burning wood, of the deeply glowing embers that formed caverns of ruby light beneath it, of the giant Yule-log that lay smouldering through the long and merry Christmas night. Alas! for the elder days of earth! But truth will out; and true it is that our ancestors were wofully stingy in this same article of firing, to our notions at least. Certainly, they had a monstrous fire in the hall, bellowing and flaring half-way up the chimney, and another in the kitchen so potent that the poor half-naked scullions who turned the spit were oftentimes roasted beyond all human endurance. But my lady the châtelaine, if she had a parlor, oratory, withdrawing-room, or other apartment for her separate use, had no fire in it; and in the bitterest cold of winter, her bedchamber was fireless too. No fire in the nursery, no fire in the oak-parlor, where Sir Thomas was wont to sit among his six books, his cross-bows and fishing-tackle, his account-books and tally-sticks, and which his great-grandson afterwards dubbed the "study." The delicate maiden, with a hectic cheek and a frail constitution, had no fire in her chilly bower, with the diamond-paned lattice: young Kenelm or Gaultier, her brother, read his law-books in the Temple, wrapped in an old furred gown, to save fire. To save fire, the villagers muffled themselves up in such mountains of greasy, frouzy old rags, with such heavy woollen hoods on their heads, and such antediluvian padding on their unwashed shoulders, that doctors attributed the falling-sickness to this unhealthy habit. Even princesses fared little better. We may read even now how bluff Harry the Eighth gave orders under his royal hand that no fires should be permitted in any bedchamber throughout the palace, save only for the king, the queen, and that Lady Mary who afterwards figured so unfavorably in the annals of Fox. The Lady Elizabeth went fireless to bed in mid-winter, and made her toilet without fire even in the great frosts. Prejudices have deep roots, and we may read in those compendiums of domestic medicine which have been the family oracles of Britain for forty years past, strong protests against the pernicious luxury of a bedroom fire.

But hitherto we have been occupying ourselves solely with the rude old fire of logs, with its cavernous chimney, its dogs or andirons of metal, and its wonderful waste of caloric. Sea-coal, however, necessitated a grate; but the old grates were mere cages to imprison the fuel, and ventilation was not in the least understood. A more thrifty race than ourselves, the careful Hollanders, devised an economical substitute for the open grate, and the Dutch stove was readily adapted by ship-builders as superior to the original brick fireplace of the cook's galley or caboose. Indeed, this invention was a great stride in social science; it implied a good rudimentary acquaintance with the principles of physics; it proved an immense saving in cost and trouble. The Germans adopted the Dutch stove, improved upon it, and beautified it, and the Russians pushed the improvements yet further. Stoves were made of iron, steel, and bronze, of tiles, of white or colored porcelain, of brass, gilded, lacquered, and adorned till they formed the chief ornament of the room which they warmed. By degrees, the whole of the Scandinavian and Sarmatian races, as well as High Dutch and Low Dutch, had firmly engrafted the stove as an institution in their homes. But these saving constructions never found much favor in Britain; our ancestors adhered to their open grates; while the French, whose only fuel was wood, then, as now, very dear and sparingly used, kept to their andirons and bellows. There was one radical defect in the Dutch stove, which could not be removed even by loading the fabric with all the ornament possible to the most floridly Teutonic fancy: the close stove "burned up" the air—that is to say, it produced an unnatural dryness and lack of elasticity; the slow combustion did not provide for the rapid flow of oxygen which an open fire affords; and the exterior of the stove, extravagantly heated, decomposed the aqueous vapor always floating in the atmosphere, absorbed oxygen, and liberated hydrogen to be breathed in by the lungs. Hence follow headaches, a swimming of the brain, giddiness, sickness, and a quasi-suffocation. Many of us have known what it is to gasp in a German or Dutch room, to feel dizzy and sick, and to marvel at the natives, who can endure the dry close atmosphere without inconvenience; for doubtless the constitution can be seasoned into an ability to bear this artificial sultriness, since we see millions of tolerably healthy folks contented to eat, drink, live, and love, within the circle of the stove's influence.

Remedies were proposed by learned men of all lands. There was the Arnott stove, for instance, deemed invaluable for conservatories, but which has never been commonly engrafted on domestic architecture. There were Vestas, and stoves with Greek titles that tasked the memory and the tongue, and others too complicated to be entrusted to the care of the most neat-handed Phyllis. Probably, Count Rumford, Ruhmkopf, Rumkorf, or whatever the accurate version of the word may be, a scientific gentleman whose name has been more often and more cruelly mangled than those of perhaps any of his contemporaries, did better service than the rest when he set to work to improve the open grate of our forefathers. Thanks to him, and to the promising school of philo-ventilators which he founded, our fireplaces are much superior to those at which the Belindas and Lavinias of the last century warmed themselves. To them we owe the increase of draughts to feed the fire, the narrowing of chimneys, the register stoves and flues, the improvements in fenders, chimney-cowls, and all that relates to getting more caloric and less smoke out of a given quantity of coal. Still, much remains to be done; and as long as there are stupid builders, careless or prejudiced ironmongers, and a public ignorant of first principles, so long shall we find a large percentage of our fellow-citizens suffering under the scourge of smoke, soot, chill, and discomfort. A happy compromise was the open stove, first invented in England, but known in Germany as the "Prussian" stove, and believed in Belgium to be the product of a Batavian projector. This device gives out more heat than the English fire, and at less cost, while it never smokes, and is but little liable to the reproach of "burning up" the air of the room. A vessel of water, placed on even the largest and hottest stove of this kind, is enough to preserve a due amount of watery vapor in the atmosphere. The great merit of stoves is in their blowers, and a blower is an immense aid and improvement to any fire, whether of wood or coal. In England, the few blowers in use are taken off when the fire has burned up, but in Italy and Switzerland they are worked up with a small windlass into a concealed recess.

On the whole, as matters stand, we Britons and the people of Belgium are perhaps the best off in point of artificial warmth. The Germans and Russians are rendered chilly and cold-blooded by the heat of their airless apartments; the French, except the most opulent of them, are pinched with cold to an extent we can scarcely appreciate, and many a decent bourgeois sits and shivers over three sticks of smouldering wood. The Spaniards are still worse off. Madrid is often cold, and the chafing-dish of poison-breathing charcoal, around which a family will gather, is a sorry substitute for a hearth. In Italy, sudden cold makes as much havoc among the poor as cholera itself. The people on the shores of the Caspian can only obtain warmth by kindling the naphtha that bubbles up around them; and in India cold is dreaded by old and young. The Chinaman has no true hearth, though in his family altar, with its statues of ancestors, we may trace a strange resemblance to the Penates and Lares of the Romans of old. But when the gilt paper and incense have been burned, the descendant of the race retires with bows and genuflexions, and no pleasant savor of home and the living world intrudes upon the reverence due to the departed. In all the world, the hearth occupies no such sacred place in the national sympathies as with ourselves in Britain. Our continental neighbors live too much in public to appreciate the feeling with which the island people cling to that shrine of the affections. With many educated and well-to-do personages abroad, home is but a place wherein to sleep, or, perchance, to lie by in during illness, all pleasure and interest being without doors. Our American kindred might have been expected to have retained, along with many another legacy from Britain, the British love for the domestic hearth. Not so. Mr. Hawthorne may exhaust himself in regrets for the abolished fire, in execrations on the usurping stove—the close stove in its most direful form, shrivelling up youth, and bloom, and beauty, and making fair faces old before their time. But America has adopted, with exaggeration, the *coram publico* life of continental Europe. We in Britain, are the only true Fire-worshippers, the only real votaries of the bright blaze, the social circle, and the group of kindly faces, from age to infancy, that make the sunshine of the Hearth. And long may it be so!—*Chambers's Journal.*

A PULPIT RESPONSE TO FREMONT.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, 2d.

REV. M. D. CONWAY, of this city, in concluding his discourse on Sunday, spoke as follows of the gallant Commander of the West.

"There rings through every mind here to-day that noblest word which the war has yet elicited—the proclamation of the gallant Commander of the West, who has shown himself a Roman Curtius, brave and manly enough to leap straight into the heart of this conflict. His steel rang true upon the flint of rebellion, and brought forth a spark of true fire. God grant that it may flash through the land and light the train of liberty that yet sleeps unfired under the entrenchments of slavery!

"When this war is up to the standard of John C. Fremont, the country will be saved. Hitherto known as the daring heart that first planted the stars and stripes upon the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, henceforth the noble; fame awaits him, of one who first planted that standard on the highest summit of liberty and humanity that ranged within his possible authority. Years ago, before his name was echoed through the land as one for the highest office of the country, it was my privilege often to touch that brave man's hand, and look into his 'mild and and magnificent eye'; and I never did so without feeling that there was a power sheathed in that brain and nerve which would one day be unsheathed for his country, and lead the van of honor like King Arthur's sword Excalibur, that struck only for the right, and whose stroke never failed.

"The nation cried for a leader—a man: lo, he is here!

"He takes the step that Congress was too timid to take openly. He pauses not to ask, 'will this advance my chances for the next Presidency'? nor 'whether, if the country is restored, this step will not make me an object of special odium at the South'! He stops not to consider if it may not bring the lurking dagger near to his heart. Nor does he seek to shift the responsibility on others. Upon the banner of the West his own hand wrote the golden words in the eye of the world: *Their slaves, if they have any, are hereby declared free men.*'

"That one sentence will do more to strike terror to the hearts of our enemies, to strengthen us at home, to gain honor abroad, than all that has been done at Washington for thirty years.

"Henceforth the genius of America adopts Fremont as her darling hero.

"The American people have now an opportunity of communicating their strength to their rulers. Let them see how Americans can respond to a noble and vigorous deed. Let a hand of flame go out from the people and write on the walls of Washington that the nation honors above all the brave and determined heart, which has no fear of ought but fear—whose high diplomacy is to do the manly and true thing, and to do it openly. There on his proud eminence let every honest heart be swift to stand by him; and let his high example raise you to an adequacy to whatever post of labor you are called. We need Ellsworths of the press, Winthrops of the fireside, Lyons of the pulpit, and a Fremont in every man's breast. We need not only the brave men who shall defend the standards when lifted up, but earnest hearts which shall lift them up—aye, up on the very towers of Right and Liberty. We need a banner on which every eye of the circling earth shall see written its liberty and light. We need a school of prophets and seers, who, as of old, shall cry aloud and spare not, showing the evils that must be conquered in ourselves before we are worthy to win the victories of God upon earth. Let every tongue that can speak be touched with a live coal from Liberty's Altar; let every pen that can write be dipped in the truest blood of an earnest heart; let every arm that can strike nerve itself to smite or be smitten for universal freedom. Let none stand back and say, 'I will wait until this is a noble war, a war for Humanity.' Let all enter and *make* it a noble war—*make* it the struggle of Humanity. As we rise our rulers will rise. We must hold up their hands as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses to the going down of the sun.

"When our nation presses on and on toward that Humanity involved here—the Christ of to-day—and its mailed hand is reached out to touch his garment, to save the children of our Common Father, then shall the strength of God thrill and fill us, and our bleeding country shall be made every whit whole."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO-DAY.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Who walks to-day the fearful way of life
Hath need of manhood; stout the hearts and hands
That do such service on the field of strife
As this tumultuous, warring age demands.
Who at the post of duty firmly stands,
And proudly bids his standard kiss the sky,
Who swerves not when the foe in maddened bands
Press him to yield the flag he bears, or die—
This is the man for this grand, living century!

There *are* such men, thank God! the iron will
That nerved Leonidas exists to-day;
Heroic virtue lingers with us still,
Not with sad Greece did courage all decay!
There are such men, and noble men are they!
Honest as light, and faithful as the sun,
Live they the truth that shines upon their way;
Hear they the call to duty, press they on,
Resting them never till the work God gave is done.

Aye, we have need of such brave-hearted men!
Wearies the earth with wrong! Cries she to God
For the lost Paradise! Restore again,
Father of love, our Eden! Human blood,
Poured out like waters, dyes the emerald sod!
Here the oppressor lifts his fearful hand,
And scars the slave's back with his cruel rod!
Kind Heaven, when shall the King Immanuel stand,
And rule the earth with sweet Love's gentle wand?

Yet wrestles Right with Might, and wrestles well!
Despots are trembling for their kingly crowns!
Lo, how the tides of human freedom swell,
Uplifting from their bases tyrants' thrones!
God listens to the people's stifled groans;
Pitying his children, gathers he their tears,
Bends him to catch their feeblest sighs and moans,
All their great burden on his heart he bears—
Pale Powers of Hell! the time for Heaven's vengeance nears.

Where, 'neath the blue of Southern Europe's sky,
Mare Internum bathes Italia's strand,
Rises to Heaven a deep, portentous cry:
Doth red Vesuvius startle that fair land
With the uplifting of its crimson hand?
Nurses the hoary mount its pent-up ire,
Or scatters it, at Heaven's stern command,
The hissing lightnings of God's anger dire?
Travails Vesuvius in the wondrous birth of fire?

Not this; far Italy, with mighty throes,
Brings the fair infant Freedom to her arms!
And now, forgetful of her fearful woes,
She blesses God for all the dear child's charms.
Heaven grant her rest in righteousness! Alarms
Chill Tyranny's flushed veins at this bequest,
But the new hope Italia's brave heart warms;
Great Garibaldi rocks upon his breast
The offspring of his love, in its young being blest.

Fearful the time when nations from the thrall
Of ages spring to independent life!
Beat wild the surgings of the human soul,
Dash the mad foamings of the waves of strife.
O, Lord! how long shall brothers' hearts be rife
With the fierce frenzy of the thirst of blood?
How long must Right uplift the gleaming knife,
To drench with gore the verdant valleys' clod?
How long shall men refuse to bow them unto God?

Not long—not long! the dawnings of the day
Streak up the East! The watchman cries the morn!
Thank God for light! Awake the matin lay!
Hail the bright advent of the glorious Sun!
Haste to the standard of the rising One!
Freedom shall yet have an immortal birth;
Slaves shall not bend them to sustain the throne
Of the pure kingdom Christ shall give to Earth;
All will be brothers there, and man be judged by worth.

Even thou, my loved Columbia, dost hug to thee
A wrong that hath no counterpart on earth:
When to thy bosom God gave Liberty,
The Lernan monster Slavery sprang to birth,
And crouched it at thy quiet household hearth;
Hadst thou but then the hydra boldly slain,
Prescient of this sad hour, this direful dearth
Of love, of manhood, Southward, then, O then,
We had, to-day, a happier, better people been!

But now within the monster's crushing folds
Writhes the fair child of thy maternal care;
Firmly the fiend its pleading victim holds,
And o'er its seven-fold head her sunny hair
Floats as a veil to hide the demon there;
And by the serpent's dark, magnetic eye,
And by the dazzling vest it loves to wear,
Are statesmen charmed—and hapless Liberty
Bleeds in the tightened coils of hateful Slavery.

Have we no Hercules? What hand shall rid
Our native land of this intruder dread?
Whom doth the voice of God in mercy bid
Uplift his hand to sever every head,
And sear the wounds t' insure the hydra dead!
Not one alone! Whoever loveth man,
And broods beneath the wings our bird hath spread,
Let him strike boldly, faltering not again,
Till fully and forever is the monster slain.

The "times that try men's souls" are come again;
Rebellion plants a standard in the land;
Wave the bright stars and stripes, ye loyal men,
For lo! dark hosts around that black flag stand.
Mark how they lift to heaven a blood-stained hand,
And swear to build a nation on a wrong!
Patriots, your sires, that iron-hearted band,
The while they bared their bosoms, sang the song
Of *Liberty!*—the ages echoed it—BE STRONG!

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE PRESS.

From The London Times, August 26.

LORD BROUGHAM'S compliment to the press, with which he winds up the Social Science meeting, should be acknowledged in some way, and we do not know who there is to acknowledge it but the press itself. A man replies when his health is drunk; we must do the same. At the same time our noble and illustrious eulogist knows as well as ourselves that the press cannot accept the praise of individuals, however distinguished. It is contrary to the very nature of its work and mission to do so. There is one great impersonal tribunal before whose eye the press always stands, and the evidences of its merit, whatever they may be, are facts which lie before the whole world. They are simply the contents of any one day's paper. What is it that every day's paper gives? In one word, it is an epitome of one day's history of England. When people say, as they sometimes do, that they have no time for reading anything but the newspapers, they are not fully conscious often of the reason of this difficulty. The reason is that there is absolutely so much that is worth reading in every day's paper. There is everything there that the world has produced—the whole action of society during the last twenty-four hours, up to the last minute. One might think beforehand that what was striking, remarkable and worth knowing, would only happen periodically, but the press reveals the actual life of the world, and shows what a boiling vortex it is. Every minute something is thrown up to the surface which discloses a history. There is man in every shape before us. Parliament is as good as a play; many a law report is better than the best novel. What plots come out! What family mysteries! You may despise horrors, but you devour them nevertheless. We need not mention the every-day clockwork business of the world. And all these are facts, real living facts, and all as fresh as dew. The very advertisements are facts of the day, and always well worth reading. We cannot be surprised, then, if a man with such fare before him is loth to leave it; if he says to himself, "What better things can I have than facts, if I go to the reign of Sesostris, or the shepherd kings, if I go to the dynasties of the Arsacidæ Seleucidæ, and the fights of the Pisistratidæ and Alemæonidæ?"

But, while men devour the facts of the daily press, they are not perhaps wholly aware of the difficulties of the process by which they are collected and put into shape. Newspaper intelligence is one of the great miracles of the day. You come down to breakfast in a country village, and find on your table the important tidings of what was passing in the political world, not a week ago or even *yesterday*, but only a few *hours* ago, in Sardinia or Hungary—in fact, just before you went to bed. Here is a sample in yesterday's paper: "August 22, *Evening*—The following is the text of the royal rescript," etc. That news was on a thousand country breakfast-tables on the morning of the 23d. This is having the ends of the earth brought to your very door. You have an hourly map of what is going on over Europe placed before you. You have the news from Pesth quicker than you have it from the other end of your own town. But nothing is a miracle at the end of three weeks. It becomes an order of nature, something which goes on as a matter of course, like the vegetation, or the earth's rotation, or the procession of the equinoxes. The speech, word for word, of a great orator delivered three hundred miles off, greets you the first thing in the morning. You expect it, and therefore are not surprised. It is as natural as if you heard him with your own ears. Then there is this vast mass of matter to be condensed by selection. People who only look at the broad sheet would think the great difficulty was to fill it. The difficulty is exactly the opposite. Nothing but a constant hydraulic pressure can bring the history of a world's day into the shape in which it is presented to the public.

But Lord Brougham's compliment applies more particularly to the extraordinary services of the press. Does a war break out in the Crimea, in China, in the United States, our correspondent is on the spot immediately. He has to catch all the characteristic aspects of the scene; to watch, observe, examine, ride, write under a broiling sun or in a relaxing climate; wherever anything worth remarking is going on he has to be on the spot; before he writes he must see; no epicurean author's arm chair for him, no writing at leisure, no waiting for inspiration. Time and tide wait for no man. If every incident is not set down as it occurs it vanishes, and is lost in the hurry of the changing scene. There are still worse things to which he exposes himself; he has to share the same danger with the soldier, the peril of climate, the peril even of the fight; and we need not allude now to the melancholy issue of that exposure in the case of two of our most valued correspondents. A Canadian princely tour of pleasure and compliment must be described as faithfully as a campaign. The public at home must have a graphic picture of every last landing, last review, last dinner, last ball, last triumphal procession under waving flags, through flower strewn streets, past welcoming windows. The whole earth, in short, is ransacked in catering to the British public's appetite for news. It has the best of everything, served in the best way, and with the highest finish that the art admits of. An Englishman sits down every day to a perfect banquet of news, at which he has a capital dish from every country and clime under the sun. The whole world spreads its treasures before him. He knows that nothing can go on upon the face of the earth, from a coronation in Moscow to an Agricultural Show, from the field of Solferino to a skirmish in New Zealand, which he will not have fully and amply described to him. The tendency is, however, when people know all about everything without the least trouble to themselves that they somewhat underrate the labor which this result has cost to others. The very regularity, skill, and success of the caterer conceals the amount of the difficulties which he has had to surmount; the very largeness of the supply disguises the painful access to the source from which it is all provided. An Englishman sits down to his imperial table, on which lies every delicacy under heaven, with much the same feeling with which the Roman epicures reclined at those gorgeous feasts for which British and Asiatic waters had been emptied, the vineyards of the Archipelago been stripped of their clusters, whole districts of wild boars depopulated, and millions of peacocks decapitated. All this was the order of nature to the Roman *bonvivant*, and the English press is the order of nature to the English lover of news. *Fortunati nimium sua si bona norint;* the British public is in the situation of a great man who is waited on so attentively, and has all his wants anticipated so correctly, that he imagines everything comes of itself. The process of the formation of every day's paper is as occult and unknown a process to the general reader as the formation of the earth on which he stands or the growth of species. He sees the surface of the earth enamelled with flowers, trees luxuriant with foliage, rich meadows, smiling crops, and smooth pastures, but he does not penetrate below the pleasant surface into the dark subterranean world of geology, with its mighty forces that have been in operation, and its succession of strata upon which all this luxuriance is based. The inner world of the press is, in the same way, a secret and a mystery to the general English public, and the intricate machinery and the ceaseless labor and anxiety by which the regularity and copiousness of their news are secured are not thought of. The news comes of itself, telegraphs speak spontaneously, correspondents' letters fall from the clouds, and the printed broodsheet appears by a law of nature upon their tables every morning.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT HOME.

WE copy from the Paris correspondence of an English paper the following interesting description of the Villa of Vichy, to which Napoleon retires for repose from imperial cares:

"The Emperor arrived here yesterday afternoon, and proceeded to the Tuileries, where he passed the night. This morning, at an early hour, he started for Vichy, which he reached in the course of a little more than an hour and a half. The villa where he now resides is called after the musician Strauss, and is situated near the end of the Rue du Parc, close to the Allier. It was chiefly chosen on account of the privacy it affords for being protected on the side of the park by a terrace six feet in height, and on the other side by high walls, the imperial inmate will be secured from the gaze of the curious. The villa is an elegant building in the style of Louis XIII., and is reached from the garden by a flight of marble steps. A handsome vestibule, from which the principal apartments open, runs all along the front; at one end is a large and very ornate clock of the style of Louis Quatorze, and between the windows consoles mounted on lions' heads. The large salon opens off the other end. It is furnished in carved wood, covered with green silk damask, fashioned also in the Louis Quatorze style. The chimney ornaments are of the richest kind. Amongst them are included two statues in bronze of children large as life, standing on columns of elaborately carved wood, and bearing each a candelabrum for fourteen lights.

"In the centre of a salon is a loo table covered with a slab of white marble, which was the property of Queen Hortense when she lived at Malmaison. The ceiling is painted by Jouvenet, and represents Venus and Adonis in the midst of attendant nymphs, cupids and tritons. The walls are covered with splendid paintings, some Crown property, and others the property of Strauss. Amongst the former are a few signed by Madame Lebrun and Angelica Kaufmann. This apartment is intended for receptions. It communicates with the terrace facing the park; the windows, which open like doors, are sheltered from the heat of the sun by a white linen awning, which is intended to form a pavilion during the very hot weather.

"The dining-room is very spacious, and the table, which extends down the middle, large enough to dine from thirty-five to forty persons. Between the windows are five magnificent consoles, ornamented with rich gilt bronze and white marble slabs, for the accommodation of the dinner service. The walls are decorated with pictures of still and dead animal life. Communicating with the vestibule dining-room and salon is a small waiting-room, hung in Persian chintz with a white ground. The first floor is set apart for the Emperor's personal accommodation, and tastefully but simply arranged.

"The principal bedroom is hung in pink furniture, cotton; but the bed is a small iron one in which the Emperor always sleeps, whether staying at the Tuileries or travelling. The rooms on the second floor are set apart for the Imperial suite, and the garden, on which his Majesty's private sitting room looks, is small, but very agreeably arranged in the prevailing English style."

ALAS!

SINCE, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,
What matter that half the weary world
Lies out between our feet;

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
You by the pleasant Rhine?—
Our hearts were just as far apart
If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
I leave the past behind;
And standing here by the sea alone,
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,
And I have no word to say;
Yet, alas! to be as we have been,
And to be as we are to-day!

—*Phœbe Cary, in Chambers's Journal.*

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

At the annual meeting at Dublin of the Social Science Association, a short time since, Lord Brougham made the inaugural address, his subject being "Political Progress." His only reference to American affairs was as follows:

"On this most unhappy subject it becomes us to abstain from whatever might be deemed to indicate an opinion upon the merits of the controversy. But we should ill represent the friends of the science we cultivate, if we did not breathe an earnest hope for the termination of a civil war, the real origin of which has been the disappointment of faction in the thirst for places, and which, as if to make it more respectable and more amiable, has assumed as its avowed principle the perpetuation and extension of slavery, now for the first time declared to be good in itself. Surely, without offense to either party in this lamentable contest, we may breathe a wish that the least of the war